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THROWN FROM HIS HIGH HORSE; OR, ANOTHER CHECK TO ONE-MAN POWER.

U. S. G.—"Ah, Kelly, I tried to ride that same horse, and you might have been warned by my example. There's no love lost between us, 'tis true, but I can't help condoling with you. Boo-hoo!"

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

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THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

THE November elections have undoubtedly resulted to both parties in the disappointment of many predictions and the confusion of many hopes. Success and defeat have been distributed to each in pretty vivid illustration of the French saying that what always happens is the unforeseen. A few weeks ago the Republican Party could have little forecasted that it was so soon destined to lose its hold on a State like Mississippi, where its power had so long been cemented by a coalition between rapacity and ignorance. And at the beginning of the late canvass the Democrats little surmised that their power in New York would suffer such a seeming reduction; and that in a Democratic State like New Jersey, the legislative sceptre would be transferred to a Republican majority in both Houses of its Assembly; while in the case of a State like Maryland we suppose that both parties have been surprised by the result of the late election—the Democrats, that their majority is so large, in the face of a formidable coalition between Republicans and “Reformers”; and the Republicans, that they have taken so little by what they supposed would prove a successful piece of political strategy.

The result of the elections in the other States is more conformable to the common expectations of both parties. It was expected, for instance, on all hands, that the Conservatives would maintain their established ascendancy in Virginia, and that the Republicans would prevail in Kansas, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts—in Kansas, because its political complexion has been unchanging since the constitution of the State; in Wisconsin, because the drift of events has obviously pointed to the defeat of an unpopular gubernatorial candidate nominated by the Democratic Party; in Pennsylvania, because of the paper money virus that had been infiltrated in the party platform; and in Massachusetts, because the election of Governor Gaston, the Democratic candidate, at the last preceding election, was known, and conceded to have been at the time, an exceptional event—the Republicans having in that election secured a large majority for all others than the gubernatorial candidate on their State ticket.

If from this bird's-eye view of the elections we descend into a closer examination of the causes which have led to an apparent diminution of the Democratic strength in the city and State of New York, we may say that these causes are not far to seek. They lie upon the surface. In the State it cannot be doubted that a practical coalition was formed between the adherents of the Canal Ring and the Republican Party. Such a coalition was inevitable, in the nature of things, so soon as Governor Tilden, with the support of the Democratic Party, undertook the herculean task of attacking this powerful Ring in its roots, deeply planted for so many years, and in its branches, extending through so many influential portions of the Commonwealth. Burke has said that when bad men combine, good men must associate. It is equally true as matter of fact that when good men associate, bad men will be sure to combine for the purpose of defeating such an association.

It is not at all necessary to suppose that the honorable gentlemen nominated by the Republican Party for State offices in this canvass have come into voluntary complicity with the Canal Ring. We cheerfully acquit them of such a suspicion, but they naturally were not averse to accept in their own favor the benefits resulting from the initiative taken in the premises by Governor Tilden and the Democratic Party of the State. So long as human nature is what it is, the Democrats must have expected to encounter the virulent hostility of the “Canal thieves,” and these thieves could best wreak their vengeance on their prosecutors by voting everywhere for the Republican candidates, in order as far as possible to diminish the prestige of the accusing power whom they have the best reason to dread.

It is obvious that many Republicans have cast their ballots for the Democratic State ticket on the theory propounded by a number of the most enlightened and conspicuous merchants of this city, to the effect that the Canal Board should be in political harmony with the Governor, and that hence it was the duty of independent citizens to vote for the ticket headed by John Bigelow “as the only practical way of aiding the work of Administrative Reform now being earnestly carried forward in this State.”

If this appeal did not produce all the effects

that might have been expected from it, the explanation is easy. The politics of our city had become embroiled in personal disputes and bitter dissensions, which not only broke the unity of the Democratic Party, but filled the public ear with the din of a noisy and vindictive canvass in which Democrat was pitted against Democrat, and in which Republicans were adjured to stand firmly by their party allegiance under the hope of breaking the Democratic supremacy in this metropolitan centre of influence. Who was mainly responsible for this feud in the Democratic organization—whether the responsibility should be laid at the doors of Tammany Hall in “winding the pins” of its authority too high, or whether the defection was due to the natural unrest at this juncture of our laboring population, which unrest has rendered them an easy prey to the machinations of place-hunters and demagogues, we will not undertake to decide.

It is, however, easy to decide that in this State the Democratic Party has gathered to itself the best elements of a vigorous organization, which has nothing to fear from the lapse of time, because the sources of its weakness have been purged out, and have gone to carry their paralysis into the body of the Republican Party. The demon of corruption never fails to rend the body it leaves, but woe to the body in which it seeks and finds a permanent lodgment. The Democratic body in this State has safely passed through the exorcism to which the evil spirits of the Tweed dynasty and of the Canal Ring have, in a measure, subjected it. A great pulpit orator (we refer to Robert Hall) has likened an accession of numbers gained by the sacrifice of right to the small extension of length which a body acquires by death. That body, he adds, notwithstanding its apparent enlargement, is on the eve of breeding a public nuisance, and will soon be filling the air with pestilential exhalations. The Republican Party in this State may well profit by this forcible illustration of its present condition and probable destiny.

DOWNFALL OF THE ONE-MAN POWER.

AT last we have seen the end of one of the best-conducted, most exciting, and most decisive elections of which we have any record. It was known beforehand that the contest would be keen, that each of the two great parties would put forth its full strength, and that the result, whichever party might come out victorious, would have an important influence in the settlement of certain great questions, as well as on the next Presidential campaign. It was not expected, however, that the sweep would be so general—the result so decisive. Unquestionably the elections of Tuesday, the 2d of November, have been an immense gain to the Republicans. Proportionately, they have been a heavy loss to the Democrats. To both parties the result has been a surprise. To the Democracy, after the wonderful strength revealed last year, it must have been a bitter disappointment.

It is not at all unnatural in the premises that men everywhere should be busy seeking out and propounding the *why* and the *wherefore* of defeat, and the *why* and the *wherefore* of victory. In the ranks of both political parties the philosophers are numerous; but, as is natural enough, their explanations differ, their theories conflict. It is not strange that there should be many soreheads among the vanquished; nor is it at all wonderful that the cry of treachery should be raised, and that traitors should be singled out for special punishment. It is always so in the case of unexpected defeat, whether the defeat be sustained on the blood-dyed battlefield, or on the bloodless, but scarcely less exciting, field of politics. It is not our opinion that treachery in the ranks played any important part in the late election. Kelly of New York and McLaughlin of Brooklyn, with their more immediate friends, are to be excused for so attempting to explain the misfortunes which have just befallen them. To minds more dispassionate, it is apparent at a glance that the Democratic defeat is capable of another and a very different explanation. Among the causes which led to the defeat, the most prominent are these—the Common School sentiment, the anti-inflation sentiment, and the determination of the people to put down “Bossism.” Unfortunately for the Democracy, they have incurred the odium of seeking to interfere with the Public Schools; they have also been more pronounced than their rivals in favor of inflation; and with local “Bossism” they, rather than the Republicans, have, so far, at least, been directly identified. We do not say that these charges against the Democracy were well-founded—we only say that such charges were fastened upon them and that they had to bear the burden. We do not say that these causes operated equally in all the election centres on last election day; but we do say that in every district one or more of those causes did operate—telling powerfully in favor of the Republicans and against the Democracy. On Tuesday, the 2d instant, the American people spoke out at the ballot-box, spoke out with an emphasis never surpassed in the whole history of popular voting, and declared that they would allow no man or party of men to lay irreverent hands on the common Free Schools;

that they meant to have a sound currency and no repudiation of honestly incurred obligations; and that they had the will and the power to put down any man who, violently usurping the rights of the people, would attempt to play the rôle of Dictator.

With the Dictator question we in New York and immediate neighborhood have been more directly interested. With us the School question has assumed no serious form; and we emphatically long ago pronounced against inflation. But the free Democratic electors of New York and Brooklyn had become the victims of a tyranny as gross and as brutal as was ever known in the worst days of Imperial Rome. Such a spirit as that revealed by “Boss” Kelly in New York and by “Boss” McLaughlin in Brooklyn, if only allowed a little more latitude, would repeat in the midst of us all the most offensive features of the first French Revolution. The entire Union has pronounced against this thing; and in three of the greatest of our cities—cities imperial in their populations, their enterprise, their grandeur, New York, Brooklyn, Chicago—“Bossism” has been snubbed and effectively put down. “We will not have any man—no matter who that man may be, no matter what his record—to rule over us who denies us citizen rights and rudely tramples on our liberties”—such is the meaning of the vote when translated into common speech. “Boss” Kelly is down; “Boss” McLaughlin is down; “Boss” Hession is down; in their fall they have temporarily dragged with them the Democratic Party; but the lesson has been read not for the benefit of the Democracy alone. A worse kind of Dictatorship than “Bossism” has long been threatened; but if we understand the vote of Tuesday week, the third term for President Grant has been rendered impossible. It may not be that President Grant has a desire to be re-elected. We do not know that he has. We do know, however, that many of his friends are most anxious that he should make use of the power of which he is possessed, and extend his reign over another term. We do not much wonder that the New York Times has found it necessary since the elections to assure us that it could never have encouraged the third term, and that it had the best authority for stating that the idea of re-electing President Grant had not now any existence. It will be well for President Grant himself, and it will be better for the Republican Party, if such should prove to be the fact. It will be an evil day for the Republic when any serious attempt shall be made by President Grant or his tools to break down a custom made sacred by a time-honored observance, and to establish a precedent which would ultimately lead to the ruin of the Republic. Caesarism proved the ruin of ancient Rome. In the person of the first Bonaparte it destroyed all the hopes of the first French Republicans. The vote of the sovereign people on Tuesday week is to us convincing proof that we have no immediate cause to fear that Caesarism will prove the ruin of the United States of America. The destruction of the “Bosses” was the death-blow of the one-man power.

THE DREAD OF FORCED RESUMPTION.

IN the South and West there is a powerful opposition to what is called the “forced” resumption of specie payments. This was the charge brought by the Ohio and Pennsylvania Democrats against the Republicans—that they were contracting the currency with a view to the forced resumption of specie payments in 1879. To begin with, we do not believe that the Republicans in the last Congress had any real purpose to bring about resumption in 1879. If they had, they have provided no effective means for accomplishing that purpose. The object of passing the Resumption Act, as it is called, was to get the currency question out of the way, or at least to postpone further agitation of the subject until after the Presidential election of 1876. The object of those who framed the Ohio and Pennsylvania Democratic platforms was to get the votes of those who are opposed to resumption at any time or in any way. To those classes, we need hardly say, our arguments are not addressed. We speak to men who believe that gold and silver coin in the present age of the world constitute the best standard of value, and the standard to which all substitutes for money, such as bank-notes and greenbacks, should be made to conform. We assume that those whom we are addressing know that our paper money is depreciated, as compared with coin, for the simple reason that the quantity of that paper is excessive. The problem of specie payments can only be solved, firstly, by increasing the quantity and diminishing the value of gold throughout the world; secondly, by diminishing the quantity and thereby increasing the value of greenbacks and bank notes in the United States, or, thirdly, by not interfering any way with the greenbacks and bank notes now existing, permitting them neither to be increased nor diminished, until the country by its growth in population makes the limited quantity of paper legal tender as valuable as coin.

It is plain that it is not practicable to increase the quantity of gold in the world until its value falls to a level with that of greenbacks. Nevertheless there are good reasons for believing that in the fourteen years which have

passed since the suspension of specie payments at the close of 1861 the great additions made by the Californian and Australian mines to the gold of the world have diminished the purchasing power of that metal. Such, at all events, was the opinion of the late Professor Cairnes. There is probably no civilized country in the world in which an ounce of gold will pay for as much human labor as it would twenty years ago. It is a common error to suppose that when the quantity of money is increased all prices rise together, but this is very different from what actually happens. For example, suppose England receives a million dollars in gold from Australia. If the owners of that gold lay it out in purchases, only those things will rise which are the objects of those purchases, and it will be a long time before the general rate of wages will be affected. But, as the general rate of wages has been affected, we may conclude with Professor Cairnes that the immense production of gold since 1848 in America and Australia has had important effects on prices, however those effects may have been disguised by the circumstances of demand and supply which at all times operate on the prices of particular articles.

To increase the value by diminishing the quantity of the paper money is evidently within the power of the Government. The question is, has Congress acted with a design to increase the value of paper in that way? Not since the abrogation of Mr. McCulloch's power to contract at the close of the year 1867. For eight years there has been no forced contraction of the currency. The withdrawal of about nine million dollars of legal tender notes by Secretary Bristow since February last has been more than compensated by the issue of eleven million dollars of new bank-notes. So far, then, as this particular operation is concerned, nothing is done by it to make paper money more scarce, and, therefore, more valuable. But what have we to say of the voluntary surrender by the national banks of some twenty-five million dollars of their circulation within the last sixteen months? In the first place, we say that the operation is not a forced one. If the banks could make a profit by continuing to issue their notes, it is altogether likely that they would do so. The fact is, that the banks give up their notes because prices are low, business is dull, and their notes cannot be employed. It is not true, as the inflationists persistently charge, that prices are low and business dull because the notes are withdrawn. Prices had sustained an enormous fall before a dollar of bank-note circulation was given up. On the contrary, between October, 1873, and the end of January, 1874, Secretary Richardson added twenty-six millions to the paper money of the country, but did not succeed in stopping the fall of prices. It was not until June in 1874 that bank-note circulation began to be surrendered under the provisions of the Act of June 20th of that year. If we suppose a community of 100,000 people, using \$1,000,000 of money, and if any anything happens to cause a reduction of one-third in prices and one-third in the amount of business done, it is clear that for a portion of the \$1,000,000 formerly used there will be no employment. The effect of a commercial crisis is to break down prices and to diminish the quantity of business done. Hence it is that after a crisis the banks are full of idle money, and where that money consists of notes issued by the banks themselves, on which a heavy tax is imposed, it is natural that they should cease to issue money which they cannot safely and profitably employ, and save the tax. That is what the banks of the United States have been doing, though not to such an extent as to make money scarce or difficult to borrow on proper security. As soon as money begins to grow scarce it is probable that the surrender of note circulation by the banks will come to an end. It cannot therefore be depended on to bring us back to specie payments.

The only real progress made in the direction of specie payments since 1867 has been by the growing-up process. The gold premium eight years ago ranged from thirty to fifty. Now it seldom goes above sixteen, though a combination of circumstances has existed for nearly a year to make gold dear. It need not be supposed that the premium will not continue to fall, if the paper is not increased and the country grows. The gold premium, or what is the same thing expressed in another form, the discount on the paper money of Austria and Italy, is much less than that of our paper money, though our credit is superior to that of those countries, as shown by the prices at which their bonds are selling. Bills of exchange on Italy, payable in Italian paper, are only at eight per cent. below par in London, though Italian five per cent. bonds are quoted at 75 against par and a slight premium for the fives of the United States. This shows that the true reason for the premium on gold is the excess of our paper, and not lack of faith in the resources of the Government.

ENGLAND AND EGYPT.

THE state of affairs in the Herzegovina, to which we have already on more than one occasion called the attention of our readers, has begun to assume a very serious aspect. In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Wednesday last, one of the most fearless and outspoken of

English journals—but also one of the best informed—there appeared a special telegram from Berlin bearing upon the whole Eastern question, and speaking rather despairingly of the condition of Turkey in Europe. According to this dispatch, the feeling has become general that the Sublime Porte has not the power to put down the rebellion in the insurgent districts; and it is believed that the Great Powers will sanction the intervention of Austria next Spring. In the meantime, it appears the Northern Powers—meaning, we take it, Russia and Germany—have invited Austria, as the most interested, to frame a proposition for the guarantees to be demanded and the control to be acquired, to insure the performance of the Sultan's promises of reform to the insurgents in his vassal States. Such a proposition Count Andrassy, the Austro-Hungarian Prime Minister, is now preparing. On this dispatch the *Pall Mall Gazette* bases its leading article; and evidently realizing the full gravity of the situation, and with a freedom and boldness of speech which does it credit, says: "The English occupation of Egypt is only a question of time, as that step is necessary for the preservation of our Indian Empire."

The news does not surprise us. It is quite possible that the steps taken by what are called the Northern Powers are intended rather to test the feelings of the other nations than to aid the Government of the Sultan in making peace with his subjects. It has long been matter of common knowledge that Russia is impatient of the continued existence of Turkish authority on the European side of the Dardanelles. It is just as well and as generally known that Turkey exists only by sufferance, and that her doom would long ago have been sealed, but for the jealousy of the other powers. The Crimean War, no doubt, checked Russian aggression; but it did not in any material way affect her traditional policy, or change her purpose. She has already reclaimed all, or almost all, she lost by the war, by taking advantage of the weakness of France and inducing England to consent to the abrogation of that clause in the treaty of 1856 which shut her war-vessels out of the Black Sea. Russia, in truth, since the Crimean war, has simply been biding her time. The present state of things in the Herzegovina, and the warlike attitude of Serbia, offer Russia another opportunity—an opportunity which she will be all the more eager to take hold of, because of the peculiar condition of the other European powers. It would not be easy at present to form a coalition against Russia, if she should show herself bold enough to take any serious step against the integrity of the Turkish Empire. France is not in a condition to go to war; and it is questionable whether the Republic could, in any circumstances, be induced to repeat the experiment of 1854-5. Without some such ally, England will not go to war for the special benefit of the Sultan. Russia will endeavor to remain on friendly terms with both Austria and Germany; and happily for Russia, the dismemberment of Turkey might, without much difficulty, be made to subserve the interests and gratify the ambition of both Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns. The extension of the authority of Austria along the line of the Danube might constrain her to part with her German Provinces, thus permitting the completion of the unification of the German nationality.

It will thus be seen that the *Pall Mall Gazette* takes a just and reasonable view of the situation. England needs Egypt; and notwithstanding all the praise which is so liberally bestowed upon the Khédive, Egypt, under British rule, would again become one of the gardens of the world. As the highway to India, it cannot be allowed to fall into the hands of any other power. The great Suez Railway was constructed with British gold; it is sustained by British commerce; and it is directed by British brains. The same is, if possible, more true of the Suez Canal. If Great Britain should have to fight for Egypt, the fighting will be a necessity, unless she consents to abandon her Indian Empire. If, therefore, the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire is seriously contemplated—if there is to be a distribution of the spoil—John Bull, we may rest assured, will attend to his own interests; and most undoubtedly, at the right time, he will lay his strong hand on the ancient domain of the Pharaohs. It has long been apparent that, sooner or later, the Turkish Empire would perish under its own weight. It would seem as if the outside props were being removed, and as if the long-delayed hour of doom were close at hand.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

Monday 116 @ 116½ Thursday 114½ @ 115½
Tuesday 115 (Holiday) Friday 115½ @ 115¾
Wednesday 115½ @ 115¾ Saturday 115 @ 115¾

EDITORIAL NOTES.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION for November 25th was deemed untimely by the Republican journals because it was issued on the morning after election-day, at the very time when, in eager haste, they were boasting that their State ticket had won the victory. But they ceased their jokes about the proclamation as soon as later returns showed that the Democratic State ticket, and not theirs, was victorious.

RELIABLE RETURNS OF THE ELECTION IN NEW YORK City came in slowly, but on Saturday, November 6th, enough had been received to show that Bigelow's majority would reach 17,000, and even exceed that number.

AN EVENING MAIL FAST TRAIN is to leave New York City at six o'clock, and make the same time westward as the morning mail fast train. So the evening journals are no longer jealous of the morning journals on this point.

MANY NON-PARTISAN NEWSPAPERS indorse the Boston *Congregationalist's* opinion, that step by step Governor Tilden of New York is working his way into national prominence as an honest man and an able administrator.

THE RACING SEASON AT JEROME PARK closed for the present year on Saturday, November 6th, with the last day of the extra meeting. The weather was delightful on this occasion, and there were five well-contested races, four of which were won by Colonel McDaniel.

IF ALL DUELS were as ferocious and fatal as the fight between the two Poles, David Jeroslaw and Joseph Goldman, who, in Delancey Street, in New York, on the evening of November 2d, locked themselves in a room, and killed each other with revolvers, "the code" would soon become obsolete.

THE DUKE D'AUDIFFRET PASQUIER has been elected President of the French National Assembly. His success, it is said, is due to a combination of the Left with a portion of the Right. The Duke is a pronounced anti-Bonapartist. It is strange to notice the temper which from time to time manifests itself against the Bonapartists. Their party is still strong enough to be dreaded.

EIGHT NEW SLOOPS-OF-WAR—the *Alert*, *Alliance*, *Essex*, *Ranger*, *Adams*, *Trenton*, *Huron* and *Enterprise*—will soon be ready for sea, and most of them, it is announced, will be in service before the end of the year. Just before the elections there was the usual increase of activity in our Navy Yards, but it does not seem to have been occasioned by any rising cloud of war.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.—Minister Cushing has delivered to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs another note similar to that presented early last month in regard to the jurisdiction of courts-martial over citizens of the United States in Cuba. A speedy reply is expected. Are we not having too much parley with Spain in regard to Cuba? A little sharp action would be more effective than many words.

A CENTENNIAL RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION at Cincinnati, in 1876, has been proposed at a meeting of a large number of the clergymen of that city. They wish to make it a bigger religious success than any that the world has yet witnessed. Without impugning their motives, we cannot help looking upon the proposal as a queer shape for rivalry between Cincinnati and Philadelphia to take. However, if man proposes, God disposes, and a divine blessing may fall on even very mixed human motives.

THE HISTORY OF THE CANAL FRAUDS had a tragic chapter added to it by the suicide, on Friday, October 23th, at Fulton, N. Y., of Morris S. Kimball, one of the suspended canal engineers. On a salary of \$4 to \$5 per day, his accumulated property amounted to \$130,000. The prospect of exposure drove him to suicide. It is said that the papers found in his pocket, and examined by the jury, furnished powerful proof of the charges of bribery and fraud made against the Canal Ring.

AN EMINENT SCOTTISH EXPERT, Mr. E. Erskine Scott, formed so long ago as 1845 a scheme of his own for progressive life-assurance, which was put into practice with the formal written approval of no less an authority than the late Professor De Morgan, and with the indorsement of the distinguished actuary, Mr. William Thomas Thomson, of Edinburgh. This scheme is similar in many respects to that which Mr. Homans, without having previously known of Mr. Scott's plan, has successfully launched in this city with a new company, the Provident Savings Society. Any good plan for simplifying and cheapening life-assurance, without impairing its security, is a matter of public interest.

GERMANY AND ROME.—It is understood that a satisfactory arrangement is at last likely to be arrived at between the German Imperial Government and the Holy See. The German bishops have asked advice from the Vatican; and Cardinal Antonelli has replied by sending a circular to all the German bishops, asking for "their opinion concerning the measures of arriving at an understanding between the Government and the Episcopacy." It is believed that at the recent meeting, in the North of Italy, of Emperor William and King Victor Emmanuel, an understanding was arrived at by the two monarchs in regard to the future position of the Papacy with reference to the State. Great interest will be taken in the election of the next Pope.

THE BURNING OF IQUIQUE, a city on the southern coast of Peru, October 7th, is the greatest material calamity suffered by Peru since the fearful earthquake of 1868. Twenty-four blocks of houses, stores, banks, etc.—in fact, three-fourths of the town, were consumed. For ten hours the flames swept like a hurricane over the city, which was built almost entirely of wood, even the sidewalks being of that combustible material. From this fact, and from the very nature of the ground on which this South American Chicago stood, no insurance could be obtained, and the damage—estimated at \$5,000,000—is a dead loss. Happily, the alarm was so promptly given that no loss of life is reported.

PRESIDENT GRANT, in his speech on the evening of Saturday, November 6th, when the Republicans of Washington, after firing one hundred guns in honor of their political victories of the preceding Tuesday, serenaded him at the White House, said: "That which the Republican majorities were not great, they were sufficient to accomplish the purpose. The 'rag-baby' has been entirely suppressed, and the people now know what kind of

money they are to have in future, and I think we have an assurance that the Republicans will control this Government for at least four years longer." "Did he mean," asks the *Herald*, "that the result of the late elections left the course clear for a third term? If yes, bad for the Republican Party."

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL FOR FRANCE was indicated clearly by Ex-President Thiers in his masterly speech at Arcachon on October 17th: "Well, gentlemen, the Republic voted. What is to be done? I answer unhesitatingly, only one thing—an endeavor must be made frankly, fairly, to make it succeed." Huntington, the most intelligent and thoughtful of all Paris correspondents for American journals, says: "Thiers's Arcachon speech is a Conservative-Republican manifestation. It gives the keynote of a practically harmonious concert in action for the now surely imminent general elections and consequent installation of the French Republic, constituted as yet only on paper—a concert in which he, a type of the conservative Bourgeois, is leader. Note, as the embittered reactionists of the Royalist and Imperial parties here sharply do, and as the decayed dilettante of the discarded Third Napoleonic flesh-pots do, the good growth in self-respecting manhood and self-respecting manliness to which Thiers, in his largely sympathetic Frenchness, appeals and trusts."

THE TRADITIONAL AMITY BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES was quickened on Saturday, November 6th, by a grand banquet, given at the Hotel du Louvre, by the members of the Franco-American Union, in Paris. Two hundred and fifty persons were present at the banquet, over which M. de Laboulaye, the distinguished journalist and Member of Assembly, presided. Among the guests were the Count d'Harcourt (who represented Marshal MacMahon); M. Wallon, Minister of Public Instruction; M. Leon Say, Minister of Finance; Henri Martin, the historian; Oscar de La Fayette; the Marquis de Rochambeau; General d'Absac; Alexandre Dumas; Emile de Girardin; Jules Simon; M. Carnot; M. Offenbach; Arsène Houssaye; Alexis de Tocqueville; Admiral Pothiau Caubert; M. Kern, the Swiss Minister; Ministers Washburne and Schenck; General Sickles; Colonel Forney; and a host of deputies, journalists, and leading members of the American colony at Paris. M. de Laboulaye, in his speech, retraced the history of Franklin and Lafayette, and said that on the next Fourth of July America would seal a fresh alliance with France.

LORD DARNLEY'S QUARREL with some of the officers of West Kent Yeomanry, a regiment of which his lordship was colonel, ended with his resigning his command. But this was not all. Being a great land-owner in Kent, he gave it to be understood that he expected those of his tenants who had enlisted as privates in the same regiment to withdraw from it. All complied with his wish. But Mr. William Lake, who was not a member of the regiment, although his son belonged to it, and who had been for thirty years one of the best of his lordship's tenants, refused to accede to Lord Darnley's request (coupled with a threat) that he would induce his son also to withdraw. For thus refusing, Mr. Lake was turned out of his farm, on which he had spent much money in improvements. The English journals are loudly denouncing the arrogance of Lord Darnley, and making the most of what, although an extreme case, is an interesting picture of feudalism lingering to-day in England—the feudal landlord and feudal tenant, despotic on one side and slavish on the other, none of Lord Darnley's tenants except Mr. William Lake having objected to the exercise of his feudal prerogatives. So much talk has been occasioned by this case, that Lord Darnley is already enrolled as an unwelcome recruit in the ranks of the land reformers.

THE STATE AND MUNICIPAL DEBTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The Edinburgh *Scotsman* has recently been printing some painful facts regarding the State and Municipal indebtedness of the United States. Some of the figures are worth reproducing. It appears from a careful examination of well-authorized statements, that these debts which in 1871 amounted to \$68,676,738, have now increased to \$1,331,970,517—an increase in five years of nearly four hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars. The State debts have increased about thirty millions, and the Municipal debts about four hundred and forty millions. The city of New York, with a population of less than one million, has a debt of about one hundred and fifty-eight millions, while London, with its huge population of some three and a half millions, has a debt of only twenty-five millions. Baltimore and Boston each have debts much larger than London. The thirty-two principal cities of the United States, with a population under five millions, have a debt slightly over five hundred and twenty-five millions, while twenty-one principal English cities, with a population of nearly seven millions, have a debt of only one hundred and eleven millions, less by forty-five millions than the debt of New York City alone. These figures, which can be well sustained, carry with them a lesson which our people have much need to ponder over. There is something radically wrong somewhere.

THE NIGHT AFTER ELECTION.—Few persons know the difficulties under which the newspapermen of this city have to work in making up an estimate for the next morning of the result of an election in the State of New York. This year the obstacles appear to have been unusually great. The *Times* gave the State to the Republicans by 8,000 to 10,000 majority. The *Sun* thought the State was Republican. The *World* called it 2,000 Democratic, and the *Tribune* 10,000 Democratic. These estimates look wild; but taking all the circumstances into consideration, they are not so random as they seem. The State of New York is the most populous in the Union, and casts from 700,000 to 850,000 votes at an election. An average poll is 800,000 votes, and if we suppose them to be nearly equally divided we have 400,000 for each party. Literally speaking, three-fourths of the vote is pure guesswork. If an "arithmetic man" makes an error of two per cent., that is to say, if he gives

to one party two per cent. of the vote of the State which properly should go to the other party, he will make a mistake of 32,000 in the majority. If any painstaking mathematician would take the trouble to compare the different papers with each other, and the returns and estimates as published the day after an election with the results of the official canvass, he would find an enormous number of blunders. Considering the multitude of these blunders, and the unfavorable circumstances under which work is done for a daily paper at two o'clock in the morning after an election, it is, on the whole, surprising that the general result is guessed at as closely as it is. It must, of course, be mortifying to the editor of a leading journal like the *Times* to crow over a Republican triumph on the morning after an election when the truth is that the Democrats were the victorious party.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

SECRETARY BRISTOW called in \$10,000,000 in five-twenty bonds.

THE success of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Brooklyn has been most complete, both the Rink and the Tabernacle being daily crowded to repletion.

A REPORT that the Grand Jury of St. Louis, Mo., had indicted General Babcock, the President's Private Secretary, and Orville Grant, the President's brother, for complicity in the Whisky Conspiracy, produced great excitement throughout the country. An official denial from Washington was published on the 8th. The whisky cases are being rapidly prepared for trial.

EX-SENATOR FRANK, who was appointed Postmaster of Vicksburg, Miss., last Spring, and Mr. Stems, Postmaster of Holly Springs, were removed last week. The Postmaster General was satisfied with their efficient integrity, but as they had opposed Governor Ames's corrupt schemes, and protested against the interference of Federal troops in the election, it is apparent that the action was due solely to the President's will.

It was announced that proceedings were about being taken in New York City against members of the Brooklyn Ring to compel restitution of funds alleged to have been taken illegally from the Treasury. The Taxpayers' Association, after collecting a large number of affidavits, and arranging the details for the prosecution, turned all the material over to Charles O'Connor for examination. It was thought that the Attorney-General would order the trial of the suits in a few days.

FOREIGN.

AN invitation was sent by the British Admiralty to Colonel Gowen, of New York, to put in a proposal for raising the sunken ironclad *Vanguard*. Colonel Gowen, it will be remembered, is the engineer who raised the Russian fleet sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol.

It was denied that Spain had ordered the equipment of five men-of-war, for service in Cuban waters, but orders were sent to Spanish agents in New York City to purchase and ship to Havana provisions and ammunition to the amount of \$500,000, gold, as American intervention was feared.

A REPORT gained circulation in London that Russia had decided that steps must be taken by foreign Cabinets to strengthen confidence, so as to enable the Porte to fulfill its promises, and a rumor was started in Vienna that the Russian Minister at Constantinople threatened, in an interview with the Grand Vizier, an armed intervention of the Great Powers if Turkish persecution of Christians continued.

MR. CRUSO, the American Minister to Spain, has evidently much difficulty in treating with Alfonso's Cabinet, on account of the frequent changes in its personal complexion. Last week he addressed another note in regard to jurisdiction of courts-martial over citizens of the United States in Cuba. While continually expressing its friendliness, the Government maintains the embarkation of troops for Havana.

THE fight against the Vatican shows no diminution in zeal. Germany requests Austria to prevent the deposed Bishop of Breslau from exercising any episcopal functions while residing in that country, and the Vatican not only insists upon the execution of the Concordat by Spain, but charges the civil war to religious tolerance, and demands that the trial of the Bishop of Urgel shall be before ecclesiastical instead of lay judges.

WHILE Count Andrassy, the Austrian premier, is preparing a scheme for the pacification of the Turkish troubles, the Emperor, who was invited by the Great Powers to have this work done, is busy preparing the fortifications on the frontier for hostilities. As secret meetings are being held in Herzegovina by the Mussulmans who have manifested intense hatred towards the Christians, it is not unlikely that a formal intervention will be made soon, in order to prevent a general massacre of Christians, which now appears imminent.

It was reported that when the King of Italy invited the Emperor of Germany to visit him, he had in view a desire to establish more cordial relations between France and Germany. Austria, with the memories of Sadowa constantly in mind, has long been playing the coquette with France, while Italy, owing much of its present unity to the late Emperor Napoleon, has not been unwilling to enter upon a closer alliance with the Republic which sprang from his Empire. Austria, too, has a fine prospect, in view of a brush with Turkey. It looks as if Francis Joseph had prompted the action of Victor Emmanuel, to restrain France from inaugurating hostilities upon Germany until the times were more favorable for a joint campaign against the Emperor William by Austria and France.

OBITUARY.

NOVEMBER 2d.—At Rochester, N. Y., the Rev. Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., an eminent Biblical scholar, and Professor in the Rochester University. Aged 67.

"3d.—At his residence on Staten Island, Jacob G. Hallett, first President of the New York Gold Board. Aged 73.

"3d.—At New York City, ex-Judge Thomas L. Jewett, for many years prominently identified with railroad interests North and South.

"4th.—At New York City, William T. Blodgett, a leading manufacturer of varnish, one of the founders of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a member of the Century and Union League Clubs, and a liberal patron of art. Aged 52.

"4th.—At Cumberland, R. I., the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, an ex-member of Congress, and father of the Civil Service Bill. Aged 57.

"7th.—At New York City, William Henry Anthon, a prominent lawyer, Judge Advocate General on the Staff of Governor Morgan during the war, and author of a system of drawing for the army which if it had been accepted by the city, would have prevented the riots of 1863. Aged 48.

A dispatch from Berlin announces the death of Robert von Mohl, the distinguished German statesman and political economist. Aged 76.

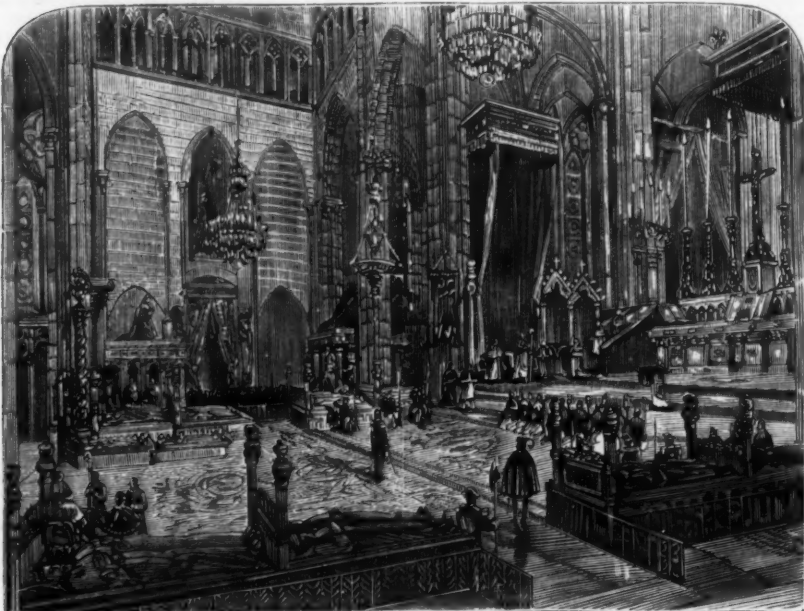
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 171.



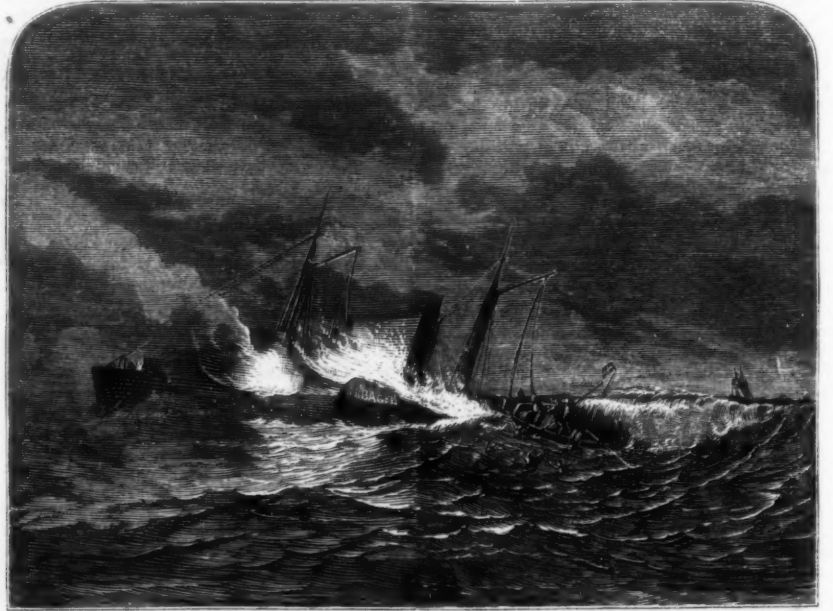
FRANCE.—THE GREAT TELESCOPE OF THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.—INSPECTION OF THE INSTRUMENT BY THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, THE DIRECTOR OF THE OBSERVATORY AND OTHER SAVANS.



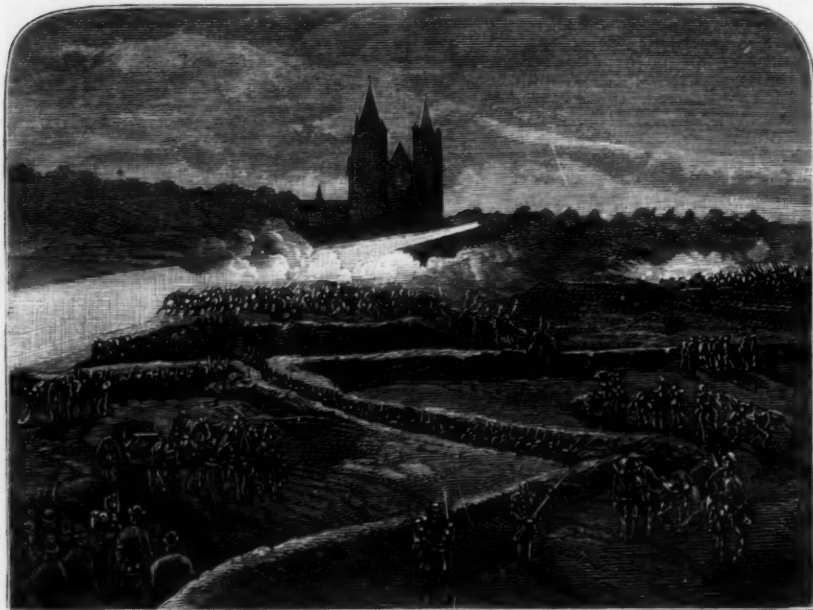
THE BRITISH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—QUARTERDECK OF THE "PANDORA," ON ITS VOYAGE HOME TO ENGLAND.



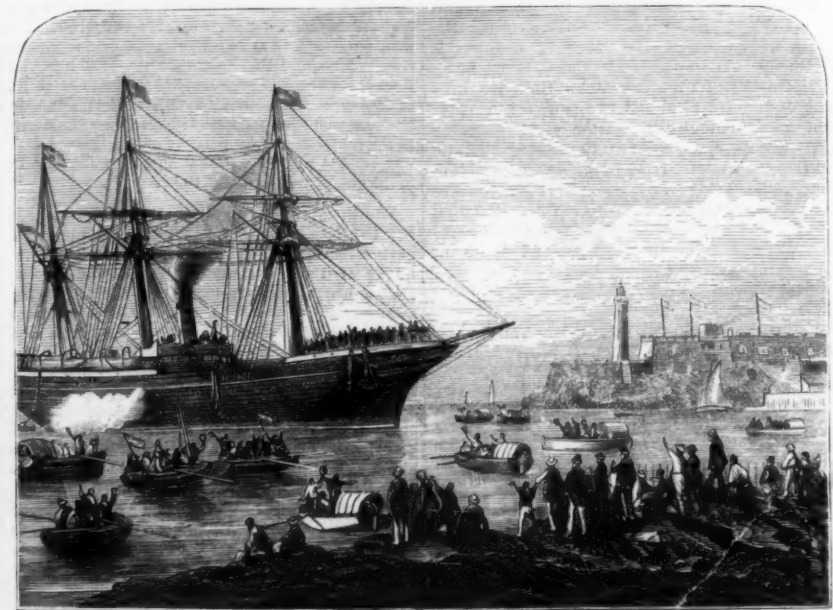
FRANCE.—RE-CONSECRATION OF THE ST. DENIS BASILIC AFTER ITS RESTORATION.



THE BALTIC SEA.—BURNING OF THE DANISH STEAMER "L. J. BAGER," OCTOBER 19TH, BETWEEN LUBECK AND COPENHAGEN.



FRANCE.—EMPLOYMENT OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN A NIGHT ATTACK AT SOISSONS DURING THE AUTUMN MANOEUVRES OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



CUBA.—ARRIVAL AT THE PORT OF HAVANA OF A STEAMER BRINGING REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE SPANISH PENINSULA.



REV. J. H. HOBART BROWN, S.T.D., BISHOP-ELECT OF FOND DU LAC, WIS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK CITY.

DR. HENRY R. LINDERMAN.

DR. HENRY R. LINDERMAN, Director of all the Mints and Assay Offices of the United States, is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and for a number of years practiced medicine in that State.

In 1853 he was made Chief Clerk of the Philadelphia Mint, and continued in that position until 1864, when he entered into mercantile pursuits. In 1867 he was appointed Director of the Mint at Philadelphia, and in 1869 was succeeded by Ex-Governor Pollock.

Immediately after Dr. Linderman's retirement from the directorship in 1869, and on account of his well-known abilities and thorough experience in the technical matters connected with Mint business, he was selected by the Secretary of the Treasury to visit the Pacific Coast and examine and report upon the mints in that locality, and the mineral resources of the country east of the Rocky Mountains.

While in California and Nevada he became impressed with the belief that the true policy of the country was to seek a market in China for our immense silver bullion product, then being exported abroad at an average discount of at least two per cent. To accomplish this desired result, he advocated in his report the adoption of a trade dollar of silver to weigh 420 grains troy and to contain 378 grains of pure silver. The old silver dollar of 412½ grains troy had never been well received in China, nor amounted to much as a coin of commerce, for the reason that its bullion value was less than that of the old Spanish dollar and its successor, the Mexican dollar, which latter coin had practically become the money of account with China and Japan, and so necessary for that purpose, that it readily commanded a premium of about 8 per cent., both in London and San Francisco, though intrinsically worth only 1 6-10 per cent. more than our dollar of 412½ grains.

The introduction of the trade dollar has more than verified the predictions of its projector. Its coinage alone from July 27th, 1873 to June 30th, 1875, amounts to \$9,246,400, while the entire coinage of the old silver dollar, from the organization

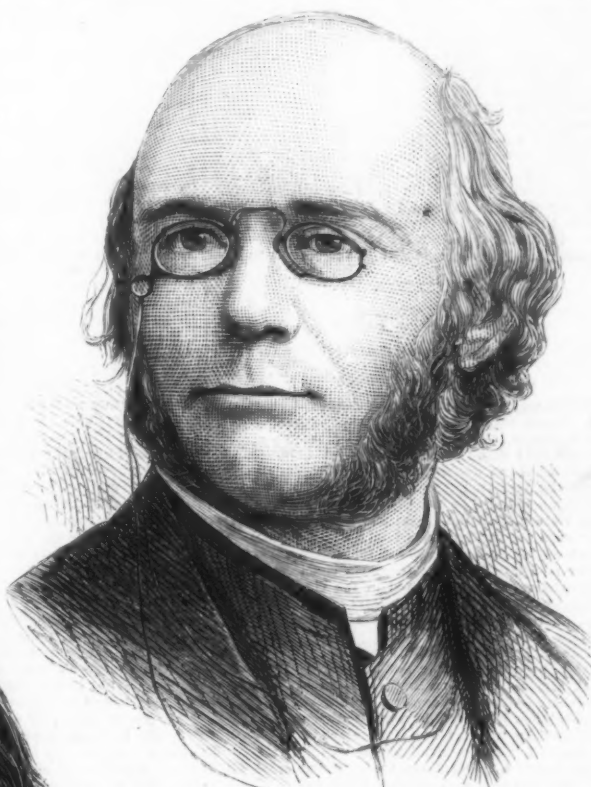
of the mint in 1793 until the appearance of its successor in 1873, amounted to but \$8,045,838. A market has been made for our silver product, and an agent in our commerce with foreign countries secured which has completely superseded the Mexican dollar.

Another important reform projected and advocated by Dr. Linderman, and adopted by the Forty-second Congress, was the Act fixing the Custom House valuation of the pound sterling and par of exchange with Great Britain, by which the value of a pound sterling was fixed at \$4.86,65, instead of \$4.84 under the old laws, and exchange with Great Britain required to be stated in dollars and cents, instead of the complicated old colonial mode.

When the Coinage Act of 1873 went into effect, Dr. Linderman was selected by the President to fill the position of Director of the Mints, with headquarters in the Treasury Department, and under his management, the capacity of the mints have been greatly increased, and valuable scientific improvements made. He is now absent on the Pacific Coast, engaged in superintending the completion of a large refinery in connection with the new mint at San Francisco, by which, with the additional refining facilities afforded at the other mints, and the Assay Office, New York, it is estimated all the mixed bullion produced in the United States can be advantageously parted.



DR. HENRY R. LINDERMAN, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MINTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



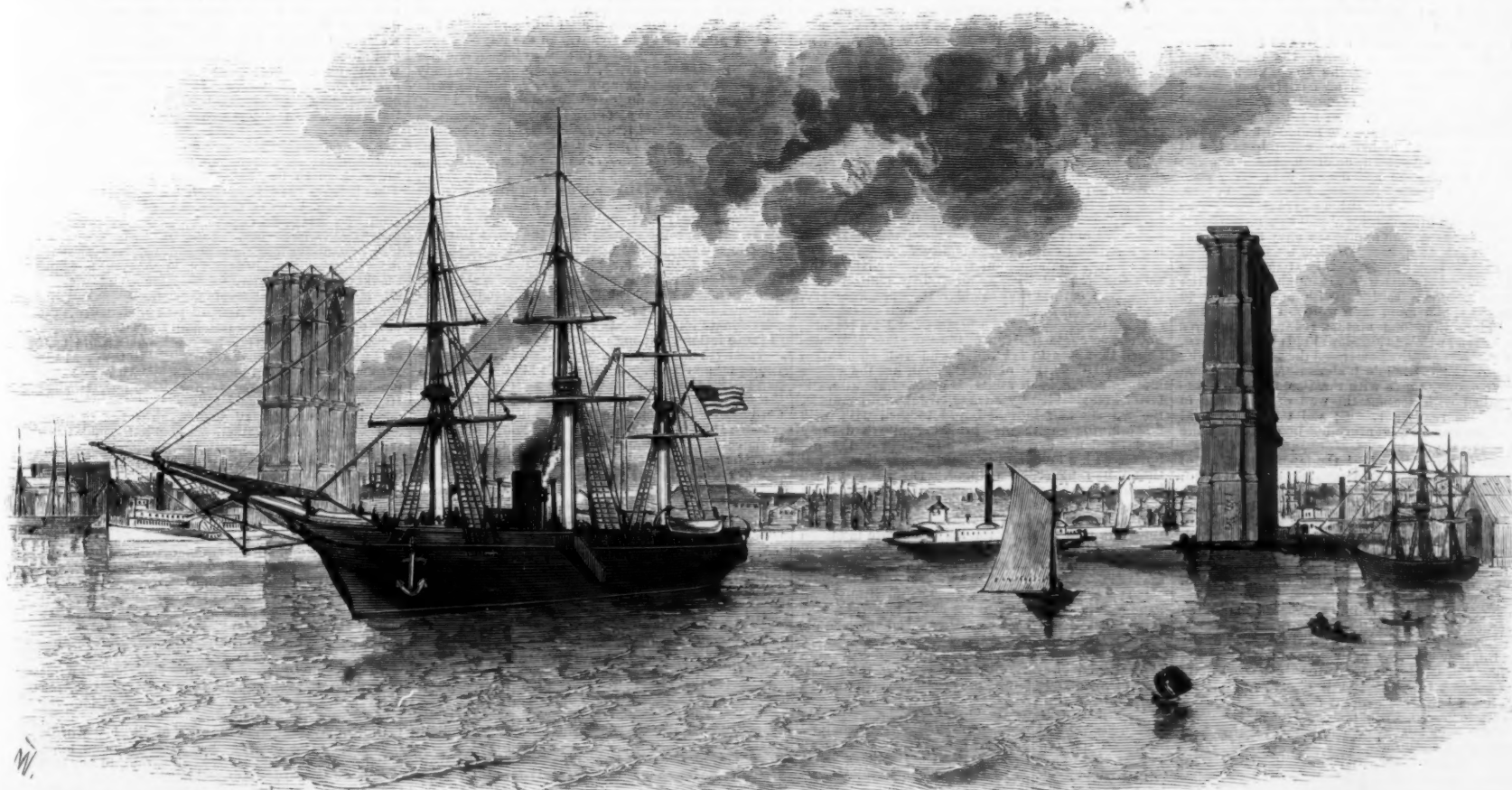
REV. DR. WILLIAM E. McLAREN, BISHOP-ELECT OF ILLINOIS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

REV. DR. W. E. McLAREN,
BISHOP-ELECT OF ILLINOIS.

THE Rev. Dr. W. E. McLaren, who was recently elected Bishop of Illinois, has been an Episcopalian only three years, having formerly been a Presbyterian. He is about forty years of age, was for a time editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, but afterwards studied theology at Pittsburg, Pa., and at his graduation was sent as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church to South America. After remaining there three years he returned to the United States, and became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church at Peoria, Ill., going from there to the Westminster Presbyterian Church at Detroit. In 1871 he received Episcopal orders, and became rector of Trinity Church at Cleveland. He has decided to accept the position, although he regrets very much to leave his church.

REV. J. H. HOBART BROWN, S. T. D.,
BISHOP-ELECT OF FOND DU LAC, WIS.

THE Rev. J. H. Hobart Brown, S.T.D., rector of St. John's Church, Cohoes, N. Y., who has been elected Bishop of the newly created Episcopal diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., is a native of New York city, and forty-four years of age. He is a graduate of the General Theological Seminary of New York, and a doctor of sacred theology of Racine College, Wisconsin. Dr. Brown was ordained deacon in 1854. In the first year of his ministry he founded and organized the parish now known as Emmanuel Church, Brooklyn. Subsequently he became rector of old St. George's Church, Beekman Street, New York, and for some years was actively engaged in the large missionary work which pertained to that parish. Early in 1863 he assumed the rectorship of St. John's Church, Cohoes, and became identified with the missionary work of the northern part of the diocese of New York. He has been deeply interested in the organization of the diocese of



NEW YORK CITY.—THE U. S. STEAMER "SWATARA" PASSING THE PIERS OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE, OCTOBER 30TH, ON LEAVING FOR PARA, BRAZIL, TO BRING HOME EX CONFEDERATE REFUGEES.—SEE PAGE 171.

Albany, and has performed a large share of diocesan work. At present he is Archdeacon of the Convocation at Albany, Secretary of the Standing Committee, Delegate to the General Convention, and a member of several important committees. Under his administration, St. John's Church has become one of the most important parishes in the diocese. Through the energy and zeal of Dr. Brown, the present church edifice and rectory have been erected, at a cost of about \$70,000. His efficiency in thus enlisting the sympathy and liberality of the lay members of St. John's parish may presage his success in securing the co-operation of the clergy and laity who are to be submitted to his spiritual care in the new and interesting diocese of Fond du Lac. It numbers about 38 parishes and mission stations, and has about 23 clergy actively at work.

LOVE UNDYING.

[The following are the concluding stanzas of the Hon. Roden Noel's powerful poem, "Autumn," in the October Number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.]

THEN we emerged upon a slumbering tide,
Where sounding fire ships to the populous port
Draw vessels laden; there white birds resort,
Whom light discovers, or hill-shadows hide,
While slowly in aerial maze they glide.
Gorgeous Autumn holds her stately court,
A solemn queen, like Tragedy; gold wrought,
Her train fills all the glens; she is Death's bride;
For soon she shall be robed in a white shroud.
But we, fond friends, we dared to breathe aloud
Vows of a love undying; though a cloud
Gathered, passed over, melted in the blue;
Though withering worlds, like leaves, around us flew;
And all the abysses yawned upon us two.

All awful Forces of the Universe,
Within, beneath, around us, and above,
Dark armored Phantoms frowned upon our love,
Breathing cold scorn thereover, for a curse,
Behold! how blind wild hurricanes disperse
A foam flake, inland blown from a sea-cove;
So man's fair hopes inviolable prove,
Clung, hearts, a moment ere the gulfs immerse!
For Self, and Sin, with all that sundereth,
Mad Chance and Change, faint Absence, and dim Death,
A ghostly army, leagued against love's breath,
Have sworn to annihilate: life's shadow's close;
But Love, whose blossom fleeteth as it blows,
Rests in the heart of a Divine repose

COUNT GIULIO'S REVENGE,

BY
MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

ONCE in a while nature, as if to prove her power, creates a being of absolutely perfect physical beauty, free from the "but" so almost universally appended to the most enthusiastic admiration, without a trace of the inconsistency so nearly inseparable from humanity. Such a creature was Beatrice Von Kleintz, child of an adventurous German, who, straying into Italy to better his fortunes, wrecked them altogether in an imprudent marriage with the loveliest of Roman contadinas. Beatrice, their only child, inherited the blonde hair and pure complexion of her father's race, the bewildering dark eyes, classic features and form of grace which had been her mother's only dower; and when Count Giulio Montenegro saw her in church on Easter morning she was seventeen years old, an orphan, and so perfectly beautiful, that he who had seen and loved as he knew how to love women of every clime and condition until his sated eyes hardly deigned to look twice at any woman whatever, stood and watched the upturned face of the unconscious child with all the absorption of his earliest passion.

Of course he followed her, and with the vilest intentions; but the dragon of an aunt, who never let go her arm, proved a most efficient diadem not to be moved by gallantry or rudeness, and receiving a hint of gold with the same angry disdain that Count Giulio's own mother might have shown. Opposition was all that the sullen fire of the count's passion needed to blow it into open flame, and the end of the contest was, that five weeks from the day when she knelt in prayers that surely never reached their destination, Beatrice Von Kleintz became Countess Montenegro, and, for a week, was the sovereign of her lord's heart, purse, movements, life. The next week the tiger showed the point of a claw now and again, but still purred amorously; the next, the purring was varied by growls, and the claws were fully extended, and in the fourth and closing week of the honeymoon the tiger declared himself a tiger, and Beatrice began to see what she had done. Six months, and she was a slave, dreading the voice, the eye, the step of her tyrant beyond all earthly things, and dreading him most when tyranny took the form of peremptory love, and his slave must receive and return his caresses not seldom mingled with blows. Still he was proud of her exceeding beauty, and lavished unstinted sums upon dress, ornaments, and equipage, to enhance and display it in every public resort of Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, wherever fashion and wealth loved most to congregate; and yet although his object in thus parading his possessions was to excite the envy and admiration of other men, woe to that man who dared more than to look appreciatively at the prize thus exhibited, and double woe to him upon whom the countess chanced to look with approval, or to whom she spoke more than words of coldest courtesy. More than one mother's darling, maiden's hope, or fond wife's pride slept in his bloody grave, silent witnesses of the power and the venom and the cruelty of Count Giulio's jealous rage, until at last to crave acquaintance with the Countess Montenegro ranked with scaling the wall of a fortress in teeth of the ready garrison; and to visit often at her palace was an adventure not to be craved by the most reckless paladin.

It was in these days that the famous portrait of the Princess Colonna was painted and exhibited, and the Count and Countess Montenegro went with all the world to look at it. She, with the serene justice of which great beauty sometimes makes a woman capable, admired the portrait of her rival, and enthusiastically pointed out the points of greatest charm; but the count's dark face grew yet darker and more sullen as he looked and listened, until at last he growled:

"Peace, fool! with thy idle prattle. Thou knowest well enough that even thy own tiresome face is as far beyond this in beauty as that diamond in thy ear is brighter than the paltry topaz in that of the picture. Does Colonna think to lord it over us all in this fashion, I wonder? Pity of my soul, but I'll prove him a braggart without reason, for I'll have thy picture drawn, little one, and hang it beside this of the princess, to show all Rome that even a Colonna must sometimes yield the palm."

"I pray you not, my lord!" murmured Beatrice, frightened, as she foresaw the suffering sure to fall upon her own head, should the expected admiration either fall short of or exceed the measure de-

manded by the mingled boastfulness and jealousy of her fiery lord. But, Montenegro pleased with his own conceit, lost no time in putting it into execution. One of his conditions, however, was secrecy, and this entailed delay, for neither the artist already famous through the portrait of the Colonna nor any other man in Rome could combine the two requisites of skill and silence; and, after some consideration, the Count of Montenegro made a quiet journey to Vienna, and just as Beatrice was beginning to discover that life had still a charm when she could freely enjoy it, her tyrant returned, bringing a fair-haired and blue-eyed young man with him whom he presented to his countess in this wise:

"Here, contessa, is your kinsman, Walter Von Kleintz, and what is more to the purpose, the best linner of women's faces in all his barbarous country. It was thus that I found him, and, hearing his name, asked him of his lineage, and found that his father's brother had strayed into Italy and there married and died. All this, indeed, is nothing to you now, since, by marriage, you are elevated to your husband's rank; but I tell it as an excuse to the servants, and such others as may know of his domestication with us, for to-morrow we remove to your country villa, and there the picture will be painted, which, at Christmas-tide, is to astonish Rome and quell the pride of the Colonnis. So, let your women prepare your turquoise velvet robe, the old point lace garment that was my mother's, and all your diamonds, to carry with us to-morrow; and see that you are ready at a good hour, for we go before people are astir."

"Does not it seem to you, Eccellenza, that my cousin's wonderful beauty would shine forth even more transcendently if it were made the principal point of the picture, and draperies and ornaments were made subordinate and shadowy rather than as glowing and remarkable as you describe?" asked the young painter, whose eyes had never left the countess's face since he first entered her presence; but Count Giulio turned upon him with an angry scowl, and answered sharply:

"It seems to me, sir painter, that my wife's picture will be painted precisely as I order it, and it is quite unnecessary for you to mention the Countess di Montenegro as your cousin, or to presume upon the relationship in any manner. And now, madame, to your chamber; and you, signor, had better go and purchase such materials as you have need of, for where we go there will be small communication with shops or cities."

Beatrice, the color crimsoning her cheeks, and the tears in her eyes, silently obeyed, and Walter Von Kleintz raised his head, and opened his lips to reply in the last words he ever should speak beneath that roof, then glanced at Beatrice and refrained, for already he found himself unable to speak words that might banish him from her presence, and the count, satisfied with silent submission, little knew how much greater danger lay therein than in open rebellion.

The next day the world heard that a cousin of the Countess di Montenegro had come to visit her, and that the family had gone for a season to the count's villa, near—

"As good a place for the cousin's grave as any other," said young Rome, with a shrug of the shoulders; and the Princess Colonna smiled, as she told herself:

"They have run away from my picture and its praises."

The "Villa of the Shadows," as it was called, had ever been a terror to the Countess Beatrice, for so lonely, so silent, so gloomy was it, so removed from all neighborhood, and situated amid such savage scenery, that when once she had been shut up there for some weeks with Count Giulio, she felt a constant terror, lest in some fit of jealous frenzy he should murder and bury her beneath the sombre pines whose shadows never left the walls of the villa, and no man should ever know her fate. But now all was different; an upper room had been fitted, according to Walter's directions, as a studio, and here every morning came the Countess Beatrice, sometimes dressed in all the splendor which her lord had commanded, and sometimes as Walter best loved to see her, in simple robes of dappled white, with only a ribbon or a flower in her hair, and the artist sometimes forgot his art, forgot himself and all the world, in gazing upon the wonder of her face, which indeed had never before bloomed with such beauty as now, the happiest season of his life.

The picture grew, and yet not rapidly, nor was the count impatient at its slow progress, for it seemed to his arrogant fancy no more than fitting that the portrait of his countess should demand more of the artist's time and labor and genius than a score of common pictures. So he put forward the time as best he might with shooting and riding and oppressing the miserable peasants who called him lord, and in exchanging visits with some few distant neighbors, and every night in coming to examine what progress the painter had made through the day.

But linger as he might, the artist must finish at last, and the grand portrait, in all its wonderful beauty, and all its richness of accessory, was very near its completion, when the slumbering demon of jealousy, quieted hitherto by the arrogance that would not recognize a possible rival in the poor artist, suddenly awoke in the count's heart, roused to full activity by the chance smile and word of one of his hunting companions, in asking after the health of the countess.

Two hours later Count Giulio stood silently outside the door of the studio, slightly pulling aside the silken curtain that shielded the open doorway, and looking and listening to what went on inside.

Upon the easel stood a picture—not his picture, not the splendid portrait of the Countess di Montenegro, that was to set Rome wild with admiration and quell the pride of the Colonnis, but the simple picture of the head and shoulders of his wife, the latter half shielded by a transparent white mantle, the waving hair loosened and tangled with wild flowers, the mouth just breaking into a dreamy smile, and the eyes looking into those of the beholder with a love-light in their depths that Count Giulio had never seen there. The count prided himself upon his artistic knowledge and taste, and through the crevice of the *portiere* he now studied this picture with cold discrimination, and an admiration no whit lessened for his deliberate intention of slaying the artist, if not the model. As he looked, the artist threw down his brush and palette, saying:

"There, mignonne, it is done; and if anything can make life endurable to me in the interval of our separation, it will be this. Come and look—most beautiful."

"But you will settle in Rome, and we shall often meet, dear Walter!" replied the voice of the countess, in a caressing and pleading voice, and then she came in sight, dressed as in the picture, and Walter placed his arm about her waist, and drew her to his side, where she stood looking at the picture as at her reflection in a mirror, for the resemblance could have been no more perfect."

"Yes, it is done," said she at length, with a heavy sigh, "and all the happiness of life is done as well, for to-morrow or the next day you will go,

and all the comfort of your companionship and sympathy goes with you, and I am left alone with my tyrant."

"And yet it is I who should be pitied, dear cousin, not you," replied Walter, softly. "For you do not love me as I love you, you cannot, you never will."

Count Giulio ground his teeth so loudly that the sound, although indefinite, alarmed the lovers, who started away from each other, and while Walter concealed the picture, the countess drew her scarf in nun-like folds around her throat, and pulled the flowers from her hair; but when in another moment Walter went to look down the corridor, no person was in sight.

That evening when Count Giulio returned from the chase he was in uproarious spirits, and came clattering up the stairs to the studio, shouting a drinking-song and keeping time with the snapping of his whip.

"Come, sir painter," cried he, striding into the studio, "is not this famous picture done? I could see naught that it needed last night, but another touch to the velvet, and that you have put in, no doubt."

"Certainly, Eccellenza," replied the artist, who was standing idly before his great work, while the sitter's chair was vacant, the countess having fled at the sound of the count's entrance into the courtyard. "I have obeyed your instructions, and the picture is—yes, it is finished."

"And that is well," replied the count, jovially. "For here is my good friend, the Signor Fiamentti, eager to have a picture of his daughter who is dying up here in his mountain castle in spite of all his cares. He spoke to me some days since, but I would not disturb your mind by mentioning any other matter until the picture of the countess was complete. Now, however, you confess that it is so, and although I would not for the world seem inhospitable, I have promised Fiamentti to tell you that he waits below, and would be most grateful if you would accompany him at once. Of course he will wait an hour or so until you put together your belongings, which shall be sent by a man and cart of my own; this poor Lucia has so few hours left, you perceive, in which to sit for her portrait, and the road is a long and intricate one. You will go?"

So urged, what choice had Walter but to submit, and so carefully was he watched by the count during the interval of his delay, that any communication with the countess was absolutely impossible excepting the moment of ceremonious leave-taking to which she was summoned by the count, who never left her side a moment from her entrance into the room, and who watched with greedy hate the pallor of her cheek, the dewiness of her eyes, and the trembling of the hand she extended in leave-taking.

"There, child, make no long compliments," interposed he harshly, as Beatrice faltered out some phrase, she knew not what, of leave-taking. "The man has done his work and is going, that is all, and enough; and, sir painter, after you are done with the young lady up there, come back here and I will tell you if I see anything to add or change in your portrait of the countess; and mind that you do not mention for your life that you have done it! Fiamentti thinks you have been restoring some old family portraits in my gallery here."

"I will be very careful, and I will be sure to come from the Villa di Fiamentti directly here, Eccellenza," replied the painter, with a joyful glance towards Beatrice, who returned it timidly. Count Giulio saw both glances, and suddenly strode towards the door, then back again, the forced smile upon his lips giving him the semblance of a demon.

"The Signor di Fiamentti is mounted and waiting, so good-by and good-speed, signor!" said he, hurriedly, and in another moment Walter was gone, and Beatrice fleeing towards her chamber.

A week later, when the young artist, full of hope and joy, again presented himself at the Villa dell'Ombra, he was smilingly received by Count Giulio, who informed him that the countess was gone to pay some visits to distant friends, but that she had left him the request that her cousin should not leave Rome until he had seen her again, since she had the idea of another portrait to be composed after her own idea. "The second you will have painted of the countess," added Count Giulio with a pleasant smile. Walter colored a little at the words, but was so occupied in expressing his pleasure and promising his attention to the proposed commission, that he did not catch the gleam of the count's eyes, or mark the clinching of the teeth behind the smiling lips.

"And lest you should weary while waiting the countess's pleasure," pursued the count, "you shall open a studio in Rome, and I will promise you patrons in abundance, as soon as you are known through this wonderful portrait." And the count waved his hand towards the picture already laid in its box preparatory to removal to the city.

"I may do more justice to the subject in another trial," replied the artist, fixing his eyes lovingly upon the face glowing up at him from the canvas.

"I hope you will do justice, faithful justice, to the subject in your next attempt," replied the count, in a strange voice, and immediately left the room.

The next day the Villa dell'Ombra was again left to the shade of the pines, and the craggy hills, and the few old domestics who withered among them, while Count Giulio, with Walter Von Kleintz in his train, returned to Rome. Here, as he had promised, the count established and recommended the young artist, although the exhibition of the great portrait was delayed until the Christmas festivities should fill the city with its most influential critics. And still the countess prolonged her absence among the distant friends whom she visited, occasionally sending good news of her health and happiness to her affectionate lord, who always mentioned the receipt of these letters, although no one ever saw them.

At length the day so impatiently awaited by the young man arrived, and the count bid him pack his paints, brushes and canvas for a journey, since the countess had decided not to return to Rome until after this second portrait was finished.

"We shall find her at the villa, then?" ventured Walter; and the count replied with the singular smile he often employed in speaking of his wife:

"Yes. Not at the villa where we were before, but at another, called by my ancestors, who built it, Villabella. The countess awaits us there, and we leave here before sunrise in the morning, as the road is long and difficult."

"And the portrait will not be exhibited until after our return?"

"No. Who knows, sir artist, but this second effort you are about to make will so excel the first that we shall rather exhibit that than this as proof of the transcendent beauty of the Countess Montenegro, and the faithful skill of her artist-cousin? Wait until we come back before we speak of exhibitions."

"Certainly, Eccellenza," replied Walter, in a glow of delighted anticipation, and with a gesture of dismissal the count turned away, his cruel fingers clinched in the ruffles of Venice point that covered them.

They, early the next morning—Count Giulio, Walter and Marco, the saturnal body-servant of the former—set forth for Rome, and as night fell arrived at their destination, a villa once large and,

perhaps, handsome, but now in ruins, except for a tower at one end, which had, as it seemed, been recently repaired and made so strong and secure that it more resembled a prison than a pleasure-house. No other dwelling was in sight, although some piles of ruins, half overgrown with the rank verdure of the Campagna, appeared here and there, as if showing that life had once been here, and now had ebbed away.

"A de-olate region, and of a strangely mournful and forbidding appearance," said Walter, shuddering as he drew rein beside the count, who had halted and was gazing about him with grim satisfaction.

"Yes," replied he, cheerily; "it is not a cheerful neighborhood at present, although they tell me that a hundred years ago, when the Villabella was first planned, this part of the Campagna was the loveliest spot imaginable, although a little lonely, and my ancestor liked it the better for this loneliness, because he was so foolish as to love and trust his beautiful young bride, and he built this house as a retreat where he might enjoy her without the interruptions and impertinence of the world. These ruins are the dwellings of his farmers and dependents; for my ancestor was wealthy, and loved to use his wealth and power. But tradition says, sir painter, that this Countess of Montenegro ill repaid the love and trust and indulgence of her lord, and, in fact, committed some misdeed of so flagrant a nature that— Well, she disappeared."

Count Giulio's voice dropped into such depths of devilish meaning, and his smile was so suited to his voice, that Walter glanced at him uneasily, and moved a little towards the house, as if to protect whom it contained from the enemy at last declaring himself.

"Hold, my friend; not so fast," said the count, laying a hand upon his bride-rein; "wait to hear the last of the story; your cousin will wait our entrance, I am quite certain. She has been a little erratic, to be sure; but I do not believe she will run away just at present. As I was saying, the Countess Firenze disappeared, and so did a neighbor of my ancestor's who had been visiting his noble relatives. He slept in that tower, called ever since Count Hugo's Tower, and for some cause or other the chamber used by him fell into some sort of evil repute among the servants of the house after this double disappearance; in fact, it was said to be haunted, or some nonsense of that sort. However, it mattered the less from the fact of my ancestor's immediately quitting the house and never entering it again during his whole life. It was in the next generation that they began to call it La Villa Maladetta, which, I forgot to mention, is the name by which it has gone for many years; they said it was a curse, but in my opinion it was only the malaria which makes its home in this dear Campagna of ours, and, not content with its old haunts, is for ever changing and grasping at new territory, so that one may to-day find villages, towns and even cities abandoned, or nearly so, and more or less in ruins, simply because the malaria has come to dwell in them, and the former inhabitants have found it so bad a neighbor that they prefer sacrificing their possessions to remaining. It was this necromancer alone who changed the Villabella to the Villa Maladetta, and caused so many of the inhabitants to die, or to fall into a living death worse than dissolution, that it was after a while deserted, until within the last twenty or thirty years it has had but two inhabitants—that is, but two in the flesh, for I am not sure whether the Countess Firenze and her lover are still to be counted inhabitants or not, but old Beppo and Setta, his wife, are as alive as last battling with malaria has left them, and are the castellans of the place."

"But my cousin! The countess!" gasped Walter, trying to release the bride.

"Ah, yes," replied Count Giulio, with a sneer; "the countess, in one of those freaks by which her charming sex governs us poor men, has chosen to make her abode here for now nearly a year—ever since the time she left the Villa dell'Ombra; in fact, the story of the visit being a little subterfuge, which, as it was a lady's secret, I did not insist upon unravelling; but now it appears that she came directly to this place, and has ever since dwelt in Count Hugo's Tower, with no companions save the ghosts, the rats and the malaria. Heaven send, the neighborhood may not have disagreed with her, but it has not been a favorable one for the Countess of Montenegro heretofore. And now, if you are quite rested, and have no more questions to ask, we will get forward; my lady will be impatient."

Too full of horror, wrath and foreboding to reply, Walter pressed eagerly forward, and in a few moments more, the three men rode into a ruined courtyard, surrounded on three sides by piles of ruin, from out whose masses came creeping the decrepit figures of an old man and woman, who welcomed their lord servilely, but without pleasure, and stood looking at the guest with the same apathetic and incurious gaze one may imagine in the eyes of departed shades as they watch the arrival and unloading of Charon's boat, and the addition to their number of a few more spectres so very like themselves.

Walter looked at these poor creatures in dismay and horror; very old, and therefore decrepit, he knew them to be, but a more cruel enemy than Time had set his seal upon them, in the crouching form, whose bony structure seemed to have withered and warped beneath his grasp, in the livid, parchment-like skin, covered with unhealthy blotches, in the red-rimmed and watery eyes, with their look of deathly languor, in the parched and blackened lips, the painful breathing, and, most of all, in the expression of death-in-life, so vividly speaking from every line of face and figure, the only expression indeed remaining to either.

"Come, sir painter, the countess awaits us," said Count Giulio, moving towards the tower at the angle of the ruined courtyard. "Ah! you are looking at Setta—she is not beautiful, is she? Heaven grant, as I said before, that the countess may not have suffered similar shipwreck of mind and body in this pestilent air! What could have tempted her to remain here?"

Walter did not reply, he could not have spoken but in curses and outcries of grief and rage, and the count led the way up some broken stairs to a heavy, locked door, which he opened, and politely held for Walter to enter. It was a large apartment, dimly lighted by grated windows, and hung with tapestries of dark stuff, embroidered by hands long since moldered into dust. A great curtained bed stood in an alcove, and at its foot a couch, upon which lay a mass of white draperies, that stirred impatiently at the opening of the door.

"Madame la Contessa!" exclaimed Count Giulio, in a strident voice. "Rouse yourself from this unreasonable slumber; here is company—your cousin, signora, come to pay you a little visit, and to paint your portrait over again—your third portrait, ma bella, is it not? Rouse yourself and greet him, for my sake if not his, dearest."

Unheeding the fiendish sneer of the last words, forgetting even his presence in her sudden hope and joy, the unfortunate woman sprang to her feet and came forward. Merciful heavens, could it be! Could this miserable wreck of humanity be actually the blooming, beautiful Beatrice di Montenegro,

who had so dazzled the eyes of her artist-kinsman at their first interview? This emaciated and bowed form, this palsied and unceasing trembling of the head, these thin and lustreless locks, this parchment-like, blotched and livid skin, these dimmed and red-rimmed eyes, these blue and shrunken lips, the wan and squalid look of misery clothing her like a garment—oh! were these all that was left of that glorious beauty?—was this the original of the picture which was to set Rome wild with admiration and envy, and for ever quell the pride of the Colonna?

Such were the thoughts that flashed swift and blasting as the lightning through Walter's heart, and then he turned away and hid his face, with a groan, torn from the very depths of his being.

Montenegri laughed aloud.
"Why, how is this?" cried he. "It seems these loving cousins are not so delighted at meeting as I had expected? The lady covers her face and weeps, and the gentleman turns aside and groans and curses. Certainly, signor artist, our dear countess is not quite in her usual radiant beauty; but what then? one must not be too particular, and doubtless you have brought among your luggage the little picture painted at the Villa dell' Ombre for your own private study. You can look at that for refreshment when you are weary of examining the present aspect of your model; but mind me, signor, you are not to copy it, for I wish an exact, minute and unsparring likeness of just that which we now see before us." And, with a gesture of unpeppable contempt, the count threw his hand backward towards the sofa, whither Beatrice had retreated, weeping and moaning.

"And that you may not want for motive," continued he, gloating, demon-like, over his victims, "I promise you that I will return hither this day week, and if the picture is done, and to my satisfaction, I will set you at liberty, adding gold enough to carry you over the mountains to your native Germany, for I am convinced that your charming wife has found the air of the Campagna unwholesome, and might, if she remained in it much longer, become seriously ill. It will be much better that she removes to another atmosphere for a while, and how could I find a more fitting escort for her than this devoted kinsman, who paints so many portraits of her, and has so little to say when he sees her!"

"Monster! Cold-blooded, infernal demon!" began Walter, striding across the room with clinched hands, but the count stepped suddenly backward out of the open door, closed and bolted it, and opened a small sliding panel through which appeared his face, grinning in demoniac glee.

"Save your compliments for our next meeting," said he, as Walter stormed forth his broken phrases of rage and menace. "I shall be here this day week, and on the honor of a gentleman, by the faith of Montenegri, I will that day set you both at liberty for evermore."

He was gone, and the panel closed and fastened. In vain the young man beat and tore at the door, shook the window-bars, and shouted between them defiance and demand which rolled in empty words out into the marshy air and floated heavily across the purple marshes whence already stole the evening mist more terrible than an army with banners. In the courtyard below Count Giulio and his silent groom were mounting for departure, and as the hoarse and broken voice of the prisoner fell upon his ear, the count turned and waved his hand gayly towards the window, shouting: "Addios! This day week we meet again, but excuse scant ceremony now, for the malaria is already moving."

"Walter! My love has slain you, and now you hate and loathe me," moaned a voice behind him, and the artist turning, caught the wasted form to his heart.

"Innocent martyr to the vilest suspicions that ever entered the heart of man or fiend!" cried he. "It is my incautious idolatry that has slain you, not you me. But there is still hope, my angel; I will paint this picture as the tyrant demands, and he will not dare break an oath so sworn; he will set us free, and I will carry you home to our fatherland, dear cousin—to the pure blessed air of my native mountains, and my mother and sisters shall nurse you back to health and make you one of themselves; and I, oh, my Beatrice, I will be your brother, your kinsman, all that God and you will allow me to be so long as this man lives, and perhaps at last—who knows, dearest, what may come at last."

"Walter! I am glad he does not hear you, for his triumph would be completed by the false hopes you are raising to crush you in their downfall."

"What! You think he will break his oath?"
"Not in the letter, but well is he assured that this day week will see me in my grave. I am dying, Walter, dying hour by hour, slain with the malaria in whose fastnesses I have been all this while imprisoned. He knew before he brought you that I could not live."

"S. I. I have hope, my poor victim. I shall make the trial, and if your sad forebodings are true, if you indeed must die, I promise you, my cousin—I promise you by God's holy name that you shall not die unavenged, for I will dog that man's footsteps until I kill him, and as I smite him to the heart I will shout in his dying ear, 'This for Beatrice, your innocent, murdered wife.'"

The wan face turned towards his with a smile, the ghost of the bright smile so well remembered, illuminating it for a moment, as Beatrice whispered:

"At least, my beloved, I die with you, and that is better than to live with him."

"You shall not die, Beatrice; you shall live; you need care, and hope, and petting. Let me shut out this chilling, foul air drifting up from the marshes, and then I will come back."

"Alas, my love, you cannot shut it out. Those window-holes have no casements; it is contrived that there should be no shelter, no retreat for either of us. Oh, I assure you, Count Giulio knows what he is about, and we are to die; but we die together."

A week later, punctual to the hour, Count Giulio and Marco, his servant, rode into the courtyard of the ruined villa. Old Beppo and Setta, his wife, came creeping out to meet them, more ghastly and and spectre-like than ever.

"Well!" demanded the count, without dismounting.

"Well Excellenza, we buried them this morning down there in the nettles," replied Beppo, sententiously.

"Both of them?"

"Yes, Excellenza. She died yesterday, and he raved all night over the dead body, and was dead beside it this morning. He would not let us touch it while he lived."

"And the picture? was it painted?"
"It was finished in three days, Excellenza, and was a marvel; it frightened me to look at it, and last night he cut it into shreds and scattered it out of the windows far and wide. There was another picture among his clothes, and he destroyed that also; he bid me tell you so, Excellenza."

"Thou hast done well, old Beppo, and here is thy reward. Decidedly, the air of the Campagna is not healthy for the Countesses of Montenegri."

THE MISSION OF THE "SWATARA."

THE United States Government has inaugurated a movement in eminent keeping with the spirit of reconciliation as developed at the Bunker Hill Centennial. It will be remembered that at the close of the rebellion several hundred Southern men fled to Brazil under the impression that they would be virtually ostracised by the victors if they maintained a residence in the States. Their intention was to locate permanently in South America. Adverse circumstances, however, arose; the times became hard, and the means of earning a respectable living scarce. Upon learning that they were not only in actual distress, but eager to return to their native country, the Government tendered them a free passage in a naval vessel. This invitation was accepted by twenty-four persons, and they were brought home in 1871. As further appeals for aid were made to the Government, it was decided to fit out the U. S. steamer *Swatara*, and send her to Para, Brazil, to take on board the remainder of the voluntary exiles. The vessel sailed from New York on Saturday, October 30th, upon this humane mission, and on her return to the United States will land the refugees at Port Royal, S. C.

THE UNITED STATES INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK AT THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

THE success of the great Exposition at Philadelphia, to commemorate the Centennial anniversary of our birth as a nation, is now an assured fact. Whatever there once was of local prejudice against the project has entirely died out, and each State is engaged in a generous rivalry to make the proposed Exhibition a fitting memorial of the wonderful growth and advancement of our country since that eventful July day in 1776, when a few patriots met in the quaint old brick State House on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and declared the thirteen united colonies free and independent States. Foreign nations, also, have eagerly accepted the invitation to join with us in making the Exhibition a world's gathering of evidences of the giant strides of civilization and progress within the past century.

For many months, active and patriotic men have been busy with tongue and pen, with thought and action, shaping the details of the grand project. Our General Government and the various States have selected the most honored and trusted citizens as managers of the enterprise, and foreign nations have delegated some of their most distinguished sons to represent them next year at Philadelphia. No similar enterprise has ever been started with better advantages as to the character and experience of the gentlemen who have the direction of the Exhibition. Among them are many who have acted in a like capacity at the great expositions in Europe, and how wisely they have been selected is shown in the care which they have devoted to perfecting all the details of our Centennial Exhibition.

Although the mass of the public, outside of Philadelphia, have but recently awakened to the real importance of this Exhibition, the managers and the representative men of science, art, manufactures, agriculture, finance and commerce have been steadily working to make it the great event of the century. Visitors to the grounds in Fairmount Park, at the present time, are astonished at the extent and magnitude of the work already accomplished, and anticipate with wonder the fore-shadowed beauty and grandeur which, when all is completed, will be fully revealed.

The Centennial Grounds comprise 236 acres in the most attractive part of Philadelphia's 2,740-acre park. The natural beauties of the spot are very great. It is what is known as the Lansdown plateau. Around it are hills and mounds which command fine views of the city and glimpses of beautiful rural scenery. The silver waters of the Schuylkill can be traced flowing through a region rich with beauties of rock, and hill, and dale—gliding by Laurel Hill and other quiet cities of the dead, where the white marble memorials dot the landscape and add a saddened charm to the scene—passing beneath stately bridges, and by the busy city to the far distant Delaware.

But attractive as are the natural beauties of the place, the visitor at present looks with most interest on the bands of busy men who are adding by works of art, industry and science to the beauty of the spot. With amazement the stranger enters the grounds, and as he surveys the immense buildings he is forced to the admission that not one half has been told of what is going on. Almost magical are the strides made every week towards the completion of the great work. Daily the committees are at the grounds watching and superintending the construction of the buildings and the beautifying of the grounds, and the result is that a truly wonderful impetus is given to the operations.

The busy scene reminds one of the building of a great city. It is impossible to convey by words any adequate idea of the magnitude, the colossal proportions of the work going on. The number of feet contained in the plan of the buildings, the number of tons of iron required, the quantities of material of all kinds used, the statistics of the work and labor necessary, would be simply bewildering to any one but an architect or engineer. An idea of the size of the main building can be obtained, however, from the fact that it covers twenty-eight acres, while the whole area covered by the principal buildings will not be less than seventy-five acres. In addition to the buildings already to, many other structures are in course of erection for specific purposes, including headquarters for the different State boards.

Our artist's sketches give some idea of the prodigious activity that can be witnessed on any working-day. One of the busiest points is the main building, where nearly three thousand workmen are actively employed, the earnest desire being to complete it by the 1st of January. Most of the building is under roof, and carpenters are engaged in putting down the floors. The vast proportions of the building and the great number of men all busy with nail and hammer, and yet so scattered over the immense space as not to interfere with each other, offer a novel sight. The central section, which is opposite Memorial Hall, and will be architecturally more striking than the other portions, is well under way. The framing is up, and on the inside, amidst a labyrinth of scaffolding, derricks, ropes and pulleys, workmen are hoisting immense girders, placing them in position, tightening bolts and rivets, and preparing for those who are to follow with the more ornamental work. Here are gathered many of the common laborers, and the characteristics of some of the men who compose the gangs are admirably shown in our sketches. They are less tidy and active than the skilled workmen, their movements are slower, and a judge of physiognomy could easily discern that though some may have been compelled to work for

the low wages of a day-laborer by poverty and misfortune, the most of them have been reduced to their hard lot by neglect of opportunity and lack of energy. The leisurely manner in which they work the hoisting-crane, and the slothful way in which they move material from one place to another, give some color of reason for the employment of the "Gang Boss"—of whom a type is given—who often exercises his little brief authority with cruelty and harshness. The sketch of the workmen sliding down the ropes was taken in the main building at the announcement of dinner-hour, when the impatient men did not stop for safer and slower means of reaching the ground.

Machinery Hall is nearly completed and is now receiving the ornamental finishing. The painting of the interior is in active progress.

The Government Building seems destined to be one of the most attractive features, and is rapidly nearing completion. It is in charge of United States officers, and some of the arms and trophies to be exhibited there have already arrived. The work of moving some of the monster guns into position attracts the attention of visitors.

Not only in the buildings, but everywhere on the grounds, can be seen evidences of activity. Among these, not the least interesting is the ornamentation of the grounds. By making drives and paths, sodding lawns, and laying out flower-beds and parterres, this is being carried out with energy.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NEW YORK STATE CENTENNIAL BOARD,

AT FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

THE daily growing interest in the great Centennial Exposition is shown in the steps now being taken by the State Boards in preparing buildings specially adapted for the comfort and convenience of the citizens of the various States. The New York Centennial Board have gone energetically to work in this matter, and have now in course of construction the building of which we give an illustration on another page.

Located near the building of the English Commission, it will be one of the most attractive of the structures that will cluster around this point. It is built from designs by Messrs. Croft & Camp, architects, of Saratoga Springs, a firm of great experience in this line of work. The building will be sixty feet long, and two stories high, with a French roof. In the centre will be a graceful tower, from the top of which a splendid view of the beautiful grounds can be enjoyed. Around three sides of the building will run a tasteful piazza, fifteen feet wide. Offices for the State Centennial Board; reception-rooms for visitors from this State; private rooms for ladies, and all modern improvements for the comfort of exhibitors and guests, will be contained in the building. It will be a fine specimen of modern architecture, showing what grace and beauty can be wrought from wood by improved methods of carving and molding, under the direction of skilled artists.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.

IN perfect health, remarks *Cassell's Household Guide*, we are not conscious of the action of our vital organs. But we should advise everybody not to pay that attention. People should not study their actions as if they suspected them. They should take their health for granted, unless it is so far wrong as to be distinctly noticeable. When the heart beats sharply or too quickly, and thumps against the chest, then we say there is palpitation. Now, there are many things which without any disease of the heart will disorder its action, and cause palpitation, such as strong green tea, too much anxious study, and tobacco. For the most part, these things act on the nervous system, and through this system they disorder the heart. Dyspepsia, or derangement of the stomach, hysteria, and some rheumatic conditions of the system, will suffice occasionally to set the heart beating irregularly. In gouty people there is often both indigestion and palpitation, which quite disappear when the gout is cured. The mere fact of palpitation is, then, no proof of the existence of disease of the heart. A change of diet, the abandonment of a bad habit, such as that of smoking, or drinking strong tea, or taking heavy suppers, will often suffice to cure the palpitation. If indigestion exists, or any gouty symptoms, or any rheumatic feelings, the wisest course a patient can take is to take himself to a doctor, that these may be removed.

A VERY ANCIENT WALL IN MISSISSIPPI.

THE Port Gibson *Standard* says that about eighteen miles from Port Gibson, and one mile from Brandywine Springs, on the place of Mr. O'Quinn, the existence of a great number of blocks of cut stone has been known for an indefinite time, and the people in the neighborhood have used them for props for their houses. Mr. James Gage, Jr., went out there a few days ago to explore, and had a specimen stone brought into town. It is about three feet long by about twenty inches square, resembling in shape a bar of soap. It is probably a native sandstone. Mr. Gage took this block himself from beneath the roots of a large pine-tree. It formed a portion of a wall about twenty feet broad on the top, which Mr. Gage traced for a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. The inference that one would naturally draw from this superficial view is that this must have been a city wall, but deep exploration might show it to be a portion of a fort, temple or other building. Anyway, its antiquity is, probably, immense, antedating the history of the red men.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE GIGANTIC TELESCOPE OF THE PARIS OBSERVATORY has at length been completed. Its construction was begun six years ago, but was interrupted by the enforced absence of M. Leverrier, whose ideas have been marvelously well carried out by MM. Tichens and Martin in this monumental instrument. The movable *portee* weighs nine tons (one ton more than the great English cannon recently illustrated in these columns), and the fixed *portee* ten thousand tons. The cost of this unequalled telescope was about forty thousand dollars. On October 17th it was formally delivered to the Minister of Instruction, who is represented in the cut, with the Director of the Observatory and a group of other savans.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The quarter-deck of the *Pandora*, on the return voyage to England from its cruise in Arctic waters, must have presented an odd appearance with its collection of Esquimaux dogs, canoes, young Polar bears and other peculiar curiosities. It will be remembered that the *Pandora* was purchased from the Admiralty, and thoroughly refitted at the expense of the late Lady Franklin, Captain Allen Young, Lieutenant Lillingston and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*. The purpose of the expedition

was, after taking out a heavy mail for the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, to make another search in the neighborhood of King William Land for the missing papers of Sir John Franklin. Although unsuccessful in its main purpose, and finding nothing to be gained by wintering in so well-explored a region, the expedition will make another adventurous attempt next year to push their way through Peel Sound and solve the problem of the Northwest Passage by actually sailing through it—a feat which has never yet been accomplished, though the journey has been made by sledge. The *Pandora* left Disco on September 24th, and reached Portsmouth October 16th.

St. Denis, and particularly the ancient Basilic of the Kings of France, suffered greatly from the bombardment by the Germans, during the late siege of Paris. For nearly five years the splendid church was encumbered with scaffolding. Only fragments of the nave were to be seen; most of the colored windows had been destroyed or injured by bursting bombs. The restoration of the edifice is now complete, and on Sunday, October 10th, this royal tomb was solemnly re-consecrated. It is now open again for worshippers, as well as for students of history and for curious tourists.

THE BURNING AT SEA of the Danish steamer *L. J. Bager*, which for fifteen years has regularly made the passage from Lubeck to Copenhagen, took place between these ports, and near the Danish island of Falster, on the tempestuous night of October 2d. Our illustration of this disaster is reproduced from the *Illustreret Tidende*, published at Copenhagen, Denmark.

THE UTILITY OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT for military purposes was most brilliantly demonstrated by its use in a sham night attack at Soissons (Department of Aisne) during the recent Autumn manoeuvres of the French Army.

THE ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS at the port of Havana by a steamer from the Spanish Peninsula occurs so frequently nowadays, as to attest the vitality and force of the prolonged insurrection in Cuba, quite as much as the obstinacy of the Spanish Government in persistently, but vainly, trying to suppress it.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES,

FOR WEEK ENDING NOV. 6TH.

THEODORE WACHTEL appeared last week in German versions of "Il Trovatore" and "La Dame Blanche" at the Academy of Music, taking the character of *Manrico* in the first, and *Georges Brown* in the second. . . . On Monday evening, November 1st, Edwin Booth gave his personation of *Cardinal Richelieu*, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and on the 3d, *Jago*, in "Othello." . . . Mr. S. P. Warren began his second season of organ concerts in the Church of the Holy Trinity. . . . The Mexican Juvenile Opera Bouffe Company reappeared on the 1st, at the Lyceum, in "La Grande Duchesse." . . . Miss Julia Mathews, brilliant actress and singer, was added to the troupe at the new Eagle Theatre. . . . Dr. Damrosch has been elected to conduct the Bulow concerts in this city, and the pianist will have the assistance of an orchestra of forty-five performers. . . . The New York Philharmonic Society opened its thirty-fourth season with a matinee, at the Academy, on the 5th, with one hundred orchestral performers; and Mr. Bergmann as conductor. Von Bulow's overture to "Julius Caesar" had a place in the programme. . . . Wachtel was announced to appear next week in "The Huguenots," "Martha," and "Fra Diavolo." . . . Mme. Antoinette Sterling will be the only solo singer in Thomas's new season of Symphony Concerts. . . . Von Bulow will make his first appearance in this city at Chickering Hall, on Monday, November 15th. . . . The last matinee performance of "The Overland Route," at Wallack's, was given on the 6th. . . . "Led Astray," in its second year, at the Union Square, attracts as large and enthusiastic audiences as when first presented. . . . As Mr. and Mrs. Florence are under a contract to appear in San Francisco, November 22d, those who have not witnessed their inimitable performance in "The Mighty Dollar" should avail themselves of the few remaining days.

FUN.

In what meter should "Up in a balloon" be sung? Gas meter.

In the case of a man who died of having had all his teeth knocked out with a hatchet, an Alabama jury rendered a verdict of "death from ax-dental causes."

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked a school-boy of another. "You had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

Nothing makes a Georgia man so mad as to run a block after Thomas to borrow money of him, and, reaching him, to find that he is Jones, a creditor who has been threatening to sue.

"When a man sits down," said an eloquent Buffalo counselor, in summing up a case, "to eat his dinner in the bosom of his family—" "That's a curious proceeding for a full grown man," remarked his opponent.

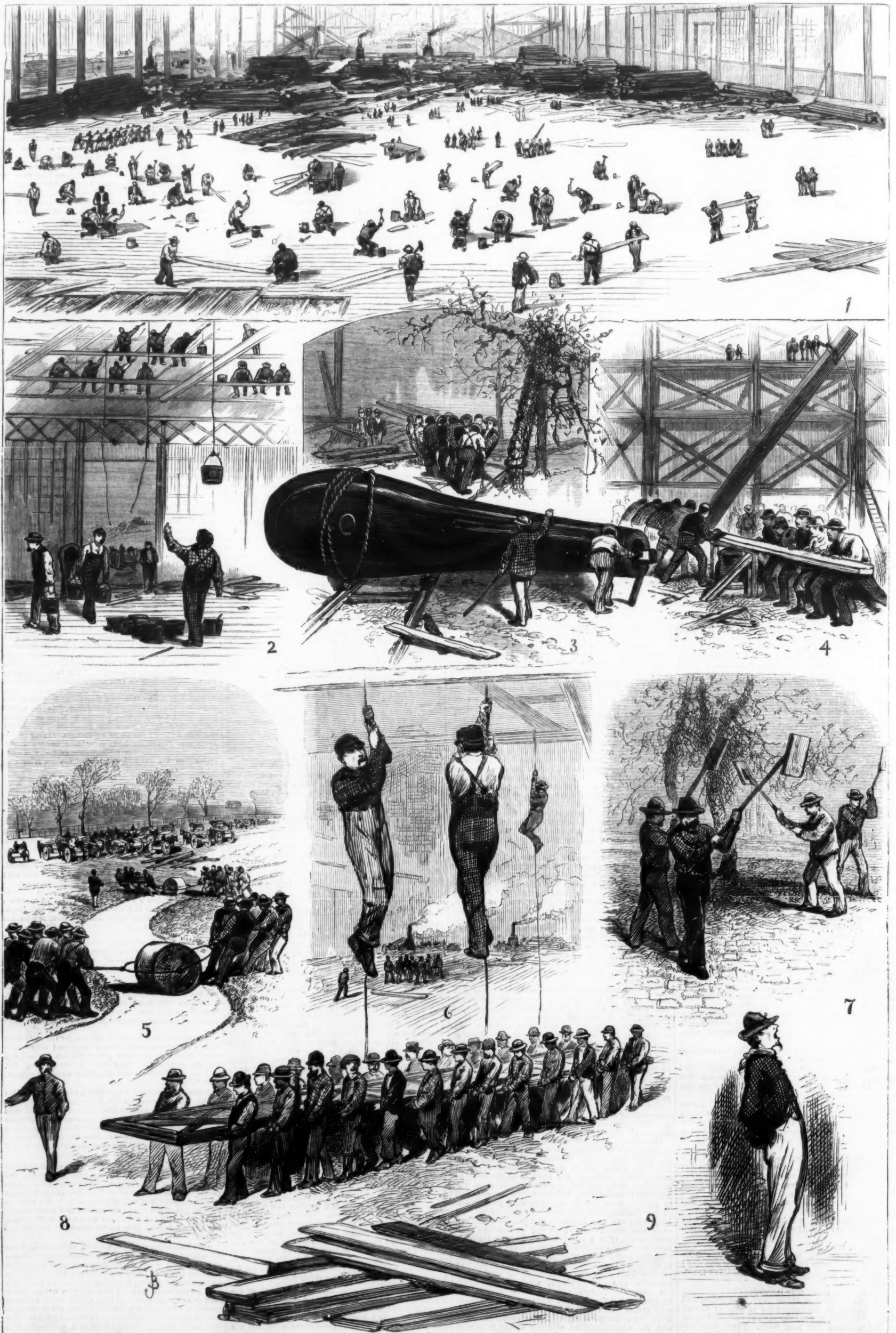
STUMBLING into his room, he sat down on the edge of the bed and soliloquized thus: "Feet wet, tight boots, a sore on one hand and a felon on t'other, and no bootjack in 's' house. Sings got to be different. Either I must get married, else get a bootjack—whishall I do?"

A REPORTER being called to account for the statement that a certain meeting "was a large and respectable one," when only one other person besides himself was present, insisted that his report was literally true; for, said he, "I was large and the other man was respectable."

JONES had prepared himself for a home dinner to his liking. He sat down in his dining-room at peace with all the world, and said: "Now, Hannah, bring the cold mutton. No hot meat for me this weather." Hannah hesitated for a minute and said, "But I done give it away, sir." "Give it away! Give my dinner away?" "Yes, sir. You said if any tramps called, I was to give them the cold shoulder."

A LITTLE boy was playing with a couple of five-cent pieces which a friend had given him, and putting his finger on one of them, he said: "This one I am going to give to the heathen;" and on the other, and said, "And this one I am going to buy candy with." He kept on playing, till at last one of the pieces rolled away, and he could not find it. "Which one have you lost?" "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied the cherub.

"We knows the public is down on us," remarked the old milkman, as he dipped out the desired quart from one of his big cans, "but the public is mistaken. In the first place we put in a leetle water—only a bit, to make up for shrinkage. It goes to the big dealers, and they ain't a bit keeful when they gits to pouring in water. They sells it to the grocers, and they put in chalk with one hand and water with the other, and they are thinking of politics and get in too much. The servant gal goes after milk for the family, drinks a third of it, and she puts in water to make up the measure; and, you see, when the family gets it the taste ain't there, the look ain't there, and they goes for us poor old men who hasn't a dishonest hair in our heads. That's the way, mister—gee up, there, Homer!"



1. Carpenters Flooring the Main Building. 2. Painters at Work in Machinery Hall. 3. Arrival of a Monster Gun for the Government Building. 4. Hoisting a Girder in the Main Building. 5. Making Roads on the Centennial Grounds. 6. Workmen in the Main Building Coming Down to Dinner. 7. Sodding the Grounds around the Horticultural Hall. 8. Carrying a Girder to the Transept of the Main Building. 9. A Centennial "Boss."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS AT FAIRMOUNT PARK.
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 171.



CAPE COD, MASS.—A REMARKABLE CATCH OF BLACK-FISH IN CAPE COD BAY—DRIVING THE IMMENSE SCHOOL ON SHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. R. MORSE.—SEE PAGE 173.

AUTUMN RONDEL.

[At a recent meeting of the New York Century Club, Lord Houghton read to the members this dainty new song by the poet Swinburne.]

FROM Spring to Fall the year makes merry
With days to days that chant and call;
With hopes to crown and fears to bury
With crowns of flowers, and flowers for pall.
With bloom, and song, and bird, and berry,
That fill the months with festival,
From Spring to Fall.

Who knows if ever skies were dreary
With shower and cloud and waterfall?
While yet the world's good heart is cheery
Who knows if rains will ever brawl?
The storm thinks long, the winds wax weary,
Till Winter come to wind up all
From Spring to Fall.

Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ETHEL thought of the dark-eyed, noble soldier who had been so attentive and kind to her. She hoped he would rejoin her in the drawing-room, for his conversation interested her. She thought much of his story, of that terrible scene under the burning Indian sun—of the murdered wife, the tortured children, the husband whose greatest pain was that he could not avenge them. Then she began to wonder how he could ever again feel light-hearted enough to mix in the gay world, to share its pleasures or amusements. She fancied that the memory of that scene must be always with him. She looked up with a start: the object of her thoughts was standing before her. His noble face was brightened with a beautiful, luminous smile.

"Miss St. Norman," he said, "you look so deeply buried in your thoughts that, if they are pleasant ones, it would really be unkind to disturb you."

Her face flushed at his words. She knew that she was thinking of him; and then she caught herself wondering why this man had the power of calling those burning blushes to her face when no other could.

"May I find a place near you?" he inquired. "I should like to finish that little discussion of ours."

She made way for him, and he sat down by her side; but, when the "little discussion" was ended, he showed no great desire to leave her, and she was almost unconscious of the great pleasure she felt in his society. On the table before them lay some elegantly-bound books of poetry. He opened one and looked carefully through it.

"Which is your favorite poet, Miss St. Norman?" he asked.

"The one who teaches the best lesson of endurance," she replied—"the one whose pages are full of calm courage and fortitude."

He looked at her in some surprise.

"Is endurance your favorite virtue?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, gravely.

"Pardon me—you are young—how can you have learned to care for a hard virtue like that—one acquired only after years of suffering?"

She thought to herself, "If he knew—if he only knew!"

"Perhaps," he continued, with the smile she was beginning to like so well, "you admire it merely theoretically. You like it so well, I trust you may never be called upon to practice it."

"Why should you wish that?" she asked, suddenly.

"I thought men and women never became thoroughly noble until they had suffered. I have read somewhere that suffering is the great dignifier of life."

"I should say that much depends on what the suffering is," he replied, thoughtfully. "There can be no doubt that that which comes from Heaven ennobles those who bear it patiently—ennobles them as nothing else can."

"But what of those who suffer by their own fault?" she cried, eagerly—"who have brought the punishment of their offenses on themselves—what of them?"

He looked slightly surprised at her earnestness.

"Even then," he answered, "when it is, as you say, their own fault, brought upon them in consequence of folly and sin—even then I think such suffering, patiently borne, ennobles man and woman too; it teaches them lessons they could learn in no other school—it elevates them. As a rule, it makes them kinder of heart, and more considerate for others."

"Tell me another thing," she asked; "which is the harder to bear—mental or physical pain?"

"I should say mental pain. The smart of a burn, the anguish of a wound, the long distress of a severe illness—all are hard to bear; but to me they seem nothing when compared with mental pain. The depression nothing can remove, the regret nothing can stifle, the despair nothing can alleviate—all these are far worse than mere physical pain."

She looked up at him suddenly, and then her eyes drooped and her face flushed.

"You were going to ask me a question," he said. "What is it? Your eyes have asked it already—your lips need not hesitate to repeat it."

"I shall be afraid of you," she said, blushing—"you read my thoughts."

"I may guess them," he rejoined. "I cannot read them. What was the question your eyes asked me?"

"Have you suffered the mental pain that you seem to understand so well?" she inquired.

He was silent for a few minutes, and then he replied:

"Yes, I have endured both; and, I repeat, physical pain is the easier to bear."

She looked at the noble face, with its grand resolve; and again she imagined that awful scene under the burning sun. She could fancy him wounded and bound; she could imagine him, with stern face and firm lips, crying out, "Set your teeth, and die hard," now that she knew him, and looked at him. She could better understand all the brave endurance, the courage, the fearlessness. What would he say, she wondered, if he knew that he had been an influence in her life—that he had first taught her to look up from the slough of despair, and take higher views?

Suddenly she became aware that he was looking at her again with the same bright, grave smile.

"Miss St. Norman," he said, "we have chosen a strange subject; and a dinner-party is hardly the occasion one would select for the discussion of pain."

"I have an unfortunate habit of speaking of the subject that occupies me," she confessed.

"And you were thinking so intently of pain? That is a strange subject for a young lady's musing."

"Is it?" she asked, simply.

"I think so. A young girl's thoughts should be devoted to music or flowers, to pleasures past or to come; her musings should be bright, cheerful, hopeful."

"Mine never are," she sighed; and then she seemed to repent of her words, and he, seeing that she wished them unspoken, took no notice of them.

"As a stranger to you," he said, "I must apologize for what I am going to say. Will you give me a full and free pardon before I commit the offense?"

"Yes," she replied; "you may say what you will to me."

"Then forgive me if I tell you that I think you are inclined to look upon the gloomy side of life. There is plenty of pain, but there is also plenty of pleasure. Do you never think of that—of all that life holds so bright and beautiful that men never wish to leave it?"

"No," she replied, "my thoughts seldom dwell on that brighter side."

"That seems strange," he returned. "You are the first young lady I have met with so peculiar a turn of mind."

She thought to herself, with a bitterness words could not describe, that she was in all probability the only one he had ever met with who carried about with her the terrible secret—the only one who, bearing a noble name, was in secrecy the wife of a criminal.

"You do not think I am presuming upon your kindness in speaking so freely?" he inquired.

"No," she replied, raising her sweet, clear eyes to his face—"I am grateful to you. I shall remember all that you have said." Presently she asked, "Do you remember these lines of Barry Cornwall's?"

"We toil through pain and wrong—
We fight, and fly—
We love—we lose—and then ere long
Stone-dead we lie,
Oh Life is all thy song
Endure and die!"

That is the great lesson—the great end of life," she commented—"endure and die. When one has learned that, the secret of life is known."

"My dear Miss St. Norman, what sad views you take! Believe me, I have suffered my share. I have gone through the bitterness of death, yet did not die. For every one there is a vast amount of pleasure and happiness in this world, if they will but seek it. How is it that a man who has neither money, nor home, nor food, who is sick even unto death and worn with privation, whose every breath is full of pain—how is it that even such a man will cling with the utmost tenacity to life? There must be something in it despite its sorrows, or we should not cling so eagerly to it."

"But what," she inquired, "if a person completely destroys all the possible happiness of a lifetime by one rash action?"

"That rarely happens," he answered; "and I do not think it possible to destroy all happiness. What, for instance, can take from us our love of nature? What can change the beauty of the sunrise, the glory of the sunset, the holy calm of starlit nights, the mystical silence of the woods? I would that I could choose for you books to read, pictures to look at, scenes to enjoy, that would give you brighter, happier ideas of life than you seem to possess."

"You shall so teach me if you will," she returned—and the compact was made then and there.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ETHEL and Sir Oscar met next at a flower-show. Lord St. Norman had expressed a wish that his wife and daughter should both go. Ethel had almost implored him to excuse her, but he would not hear of it.

"It is not only, Ethel, that all the great world will be there," he said, "but the flowers themselves are so exceedingly beautiful. You will, I am sure, be delighted."

"I do not like flowers," she said, quickly.

"Not like them?" exclaimed Lady St. Norman. "Why, Ethel, I used to think you cared more for them than for anything else!"

So she did—years ago; but now the very sight of flowers gave her pain. They were associated in her mind with St. Ina's and the fair Summer morning when she had walked through the woods in the midst of fragrance and bloom to her fatal marriage. They were full of silent, sad memories for her. She had been used to caress and love them like living friends; but she did so no longer—no one ever saw her linger over flowers or tend them. But, as her father had expressed a wish about the flower-show, she went.

She said to herself before they started that she would find no great pleasure in it; but she must go. She would have the fatigue of dressing, of walking for hours in the midst of fragrant blossoms the odor of which would recall scenes she hated to remember, of listening to compliments that would be distasteful to her; she would feel strange and isolated in the midst of a bright crowd of happy faces, knowing that such happiness and such brightness could never come to her.

If she had but looked in her mirror before starting, she must have been pleased with the picture she saw there—the beautiful face with its faint bloom, the rich brown hair that seemed to be crowned by the pretty little coquettish bonnet of white lace, with its one blush rose. She looked so fair, so lovely, so young, that it seemed impossible her life should have a dark and terrible side.

There was a long drive, and then they came to the gardens where the fête was being held. Despite her great sorrow, and the dark cloud that was not to be lifted from her life, youth reasserted itself. The sun was shining brightly, the bands were playing gayly, colored flags were flying from the trees. Ethel's face flushed, her eyes brightened, her heart beat. She saw the bright costumes of the ladies, beautiful and brilliant as the flowers themselves. For some few minutes she gave way to unusual exhilaration of spirits, and then she was her old self again. The memory of her terrible secret returned to her. What right had she here—the wife of a convicted felon?

Slowly and wearily she walked amongst the brilliant rows of bloom; she saw the faces of girls of the same age as herself all blithe and gay; she listened to their pretty, lively nonsense, feeling old, worn, and aged in comparison, and envying them, yet owning to herself there was no one to blame—it was her own fault.

"You are tired, Ethel," said Lady St. Norman. "Rest here a while. I am going with Lady Long to see the white camellias. Would you like to accompany us, or will you remain here?"

"I will rest," decided Ethel. It seemed to her a relief to be away from the sound of voices.

She wandered down a narrow path that seemed completely deserted. Here were no rows of blooming, fragrant blossoms, no laughing, bright-faced girls. She would sit in the golden-green light, and muse at her will over the one fatal error that had blighted her whole life. Presently she raised her eyes as a slight sound attracted her attention, and saw Sir Oscar coming towards her.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss St. Norman," he said.

"I heard you were coming," he did not add, "so I came too"—but the words were on his lips.

Her face brightened as she saw him.

"How brilliant the flowers are looking!" he remarked. "Have you enjoyed them?"

Her face flushed, and she laughed. "I must tell the truth," she replied, "I have not noticed them."

"I am not in the least surprised," he said, smiling. "You come to a flower-show, where sun and flowers are all bright as bright can be; and, instead of amusing yourself as any one else would do, you are here in the only dull part of the gardens, away from every one and everything. I need not ask the nature of your thoughts—one can read them in your face."

"I plead guilty," she responded.

"That is right," he said. "Now will you, having owned your fault, atone for it? Will you let me show you the flowers?"

She looked up brightly.

"Yes—I should like that very much," she acknowledged.

"All the gentlemen present will detest me, as a matter of course," he said, "for monopolizing the fairest flower in the gardens. I shall not care for that if you will promise to enjoy yourself. You do not know how long to see a smile on your face—a happy, bright, gratified smile."

They left the green shade, and went out amongst the flowers. He had promised to amuse her, and he did so. He told her the most quaint and charming stories about flowers—old legends that he had read in rare books, graceful stories that pleased her artistic imagination. He spoke of the flowers as though they were living and dear to him.

"It is strange that a soldier should be so fond of flowers," she said to him.

"I am not a soldier now," he corrected, laughingly. "I wish I were; one of the saddest days of my life was the day I gave up the army for what is called a country life—I liked the army best."

Since the days of her pretty fantastic rule at Fountayne Ethel had known few bright hours—childhood, girlhood, happiness, brightness, had all come to an end together; but, looking back in after years, she thought of this as one of the most pleasant hours of her life. She forgot her troubles—for a few minutes she forgot the skeleton that was always by her side. She gave herself up to the sunshine of happiness, and in it she became radiantly lovely. Sir Oscar was more charmed than ever. She talked to him, revealing the rich treasures of imagination with which she was gifted. She gave him an insight to her mind, which was well stored with poetic lore. He was astonished to find how well read she was, and complimented her upon it.

"You must have spent a great deal of time in reading," he said—"more than is usual with most young ladies."

"Yes," she replied, "I love the world of books."

"Better than the world of men?" he asked.

"I think so," she answered, the dainty flush rising in her beautiful face. "There are no disappointments in books. You see from the first whether the hero or heroine are going to turn out good or bad. In real life you must wait for a man's death before you can possibly know that."

"You have strangely cynical ideas for one so young," he observed. "If I did not know you, Miss St. Norman, I should imagine that you had been greatly disappointed in some one very dear to you."

His words were so near the truth that she looked at him in surprise.

"Would that make any one cynical?" she asked.

"Yes, more cynical and bitter than anything else would," he replied.

It was a day of real happiness, but when it had ended the old care returned to Ethel, and took possession of her with redoubled force.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WITH Sir Oscar Charlotte's compliments. Ethel looked up; and there before her was one of the most superb bouquets ever arranged—flowers that she had admired greatly at the flower-show; there were specimens of each, and as they were carried into the room their odor filled it.

Without comment she took the bouquet from the servant's hand. How beautiful they were, the sweet fragrant blossoms, rare in color, rare in perfume! She buried her face in them—they were the first flowers she had enjoyed for so long. Some lines she had read on the previous day came back to her mind:

"The smell of violets hidden in the green
Poured back upon my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from blame."

The odor of the sweet flowers took her back to that happy time before cruel revenge had awoken in her heart, and had driven her to that hurried, desperate marriage.

Still that morning—she did not quite understand why—life seemed to have a new interest for her. Sir Oscar had mentioned a book which he recommended her to read, and she was anxious to do so. When breakfast was over she hastened to the library, and when Lady St. Norman sought her, some time afterwards, she found her reading, with flushed face and brightened eyes.

"You are growing quite studious, Ethel," said Lady St. Norman.

"Sir Oscar Charlotte told me that I should like this book, and I find it most amusing."

Then she wondered why she blushed, and Lady St. Norman was too wise to make the least comment, or even to smile.

Lord St. Norman determined upon giving a dinner at Richmond, a species of entertainment in which he took great delight. It was a small, select, but very happy party, and Sir Oscar was one of the guests invited.

Ethel was pleased when she heard that Sir Oscar was going. It was the first time she had felt even the least interest in any party; but she had begun to experience some degree of pleasure in the baronet's society. She enjoyed his conversation. She felt, in some vague way, that she had found a friend—one whom she liked, upon whom she could rely. She admired his brave way of speaking, his bright, fearless thoughts, the true nobility that pervaded every word.

"I am glad that I have found a friend," the girl thought; "there is not much left to me in life, but this will be a real interest—a real pleasure."

She felt better than she had felt since that fatal day at St. Ina's, when she had exchanged her happiness for freedom, and her name for chains and a wedding-ring. For the first time for many long months she opened her heart to the sunshine of happiness. She let her sorrow and her despair fall in the background, and the effect upon her was marvelous. She felt dazed and giddy, as one who, having been long caged in darkness and gloom, is suddenly brought into the full, clear light of day. For the first time she took an interest in the pleasure offered to her, and went so far as to ask Lady St. Norman about a dress for the fête.

It was a beautiful day—the sun was shining, the air was warm, soft, and full of fragrance. Sir Oscar, according to arrangement, was to drive down to Richmond with Lord St. Norman. Ethel looked more beautiful than usual; the fresh, fragrant air brought a soft flush to her face and brightened the lovely eyes. Her dress, too, was perfection—a pretty blue and white—and she wore one of the most coquettish of bonnets. The beautifully-curved lips were parted with a smile, such as had not lingered there since she had been mistress of Fountayne. She did not know why she felt so happy, so light of heart, unless it was that she had made a friend. She smiled to herself as they drove along the sunny road.

"Friendship is supposed to be one of the great joys of life," she said, "and I have completely overlooked it. I can never have a lover, but I thank Heaven that I have found a friend."

That evening when dinner was over, and the elders of the party were discussing some excellent wine, Ethel went out on the balcony. The purple gloaming lay over the land, the sky was growing more darkly blue, and the stars were beginning to gleam. The river ran lightly and swiftly by—the pleasure boats were hastening down the stream—the trees were all luxuriantly green—the perfume of flowers reached her. That balcony was a favorite resort of hers. They had been twice to Richmond, and each time she had spent the soft sweet twilight hours in watching the beautiful panorama of earth and sky which could be so pleasantly seen from there.

A beautiful holy calm seemed to pervade the whole of nature, and Ethel felt that she could enjoy it. Hitherto she had been a prey to her own bitter thoughts, her own despair; now she had found a friend. Heaven and earth seemed fairer for this, that she had found a friend.

Her beautiful face was softened into tenderness as she sat there in the starlight. Was there really any brightness, any music left on earth for her? Yes—for she had found a friend.

Ethel was pure of heart and guileless of soul as a little child sleeping in its mother's arms. There was not the faintest idea of wrong in her mind; and, even as once before she had mistaken fancy for love, so she now mistook the dawn of love for friendship.

It was no surprise to her when Sir Oscar, parting the heavy hangings that screened the window, came out to her. He stood in silence by her side for a few minutes, and, in some vague way that she could not understand, it seemed as though his presence made the beauty of the scene complete.

"You are looking brighter and better to-day, Miss St. Norman," he said. "I am so pleased. I think you have been following my advice."

"I have," she acknowledged, freely. "I have read the book you mentioned to me, and it has done me good."

"I knew it would. I shall never be able to understand, Miss St. Norman, what it is that has given you, in the brightest part of your youth, such gloomy ideas of life."

He saw her beautiful face grow pale; he saw in the starlight how suddenly the shadow came into her beautiful eyes, and he hastened to add:

"I am so glad that you permitted me to advise you. To use a figure of speech, you seemed to be drifting down-stream. My hands are strong; let them pull you back."

"I was drifting," she confessed, slowly.

"And now that is checked—you are learning to take pleasure where you can find it," he pursued.

"Yes," she assented, with a little low laugh that fell like softest music on his ear. "I find pleasure here to-night."

He watched her in silence, thinking to himself that earth had nothing one-half so fair as this beautiful, graceful girl. Rousing himself from the glamour that seemed to be falling over him, Sir Oscar began to talk to her. The poetry of the hour seemed to animate him.

"I wonder," said Sir Oscar, slowly, "how many people have sat in this balcony, happy as we are, and what has become of them?"

"That is rather a wide field for speculation," she remarked.

"Yes—but I think the place is rather celebrated. You have heard of Lord Draybrook, who murdered his wife in a fit of jealousy, and afterwards killed himself?"

"I have heard of him," replied Ethel.

"It is said that he made the unhappy lady an offer of marriage in this very balcony. Think of the tragedy of that love story! Then I have heard of two young lovers whose parents were not willing for them to marry, and they met here to bid each other farewell. Think of the hope, the despair, the love and the sorrow that have been experienced here!"

She was looking intently at the gleaming stars.

"I can imagine it all," she responded, "but it gives me strange thoughts. Those who loved each other so well are dead and gone; murder and suicide took the place of happiness. Men's lives and fortunes are full of change—nature never changes. The lovers who sat here then are dead, but the stars are shining with the same soft light, the river is rippling with the same sweet murmur—man seems small and insignificant after all."

"Not quite; the time will come when the stars shall fall from heaven, and the river, shrinking, disappear from sight, but the soul of man, once created, is immortal."

"I had forgotten that," she allowed, gently.

One white hand of hers lay on the stone balcony, so white in the starlight that it looked like snow. Sir Oscar laid his own upon it. She did not start or shrink—that warm, gentle clasp seemed like a promise of protection to her.

"Miss St. Norman," he said, gently, "will you enter into a compact with me?"

"Yes," she replied, "willingly."

"Let us be friends—I mean, not merely acquaintances, but friends in the highest, best and noblest sense of the word."

Her face flushed with delight; he saw the beautiful color spread over it.

"Friends," he continued, "through life—never to lose sight of each other again—your pleasures, pains, hopes, joys and sorrows to be mine."

"Is that friendship?" she asked, gently.

"Yes, the noblest and the best—the friendship that strengthens all that is highest, that helps one to live and die worthily—friendship that is patient, tender and true, that stands as a shield, that is firm as a rock, that believes no evil. Miss St. Norman, will you join in such a compact of friendship with me?"

She looked up at him half shyly.

"Why do you ask me?" she inquired.

"Because I am irresistibly attracted to you," he acknowledged; "and I long with all my heart and soul to be your friend. Will you promise?"

"It is a very serious promise," she remarked.

"I know it; but it is one that will make me very happy, Miss St. Norman."

"Then I give it to you," she said. "I promise to be your friend."

"Thank you," he returned, gratefully; and then silence ensued again.

He was the first to break it.

"You will think I presume upon your kindness, Miss St. Norman," he said, "if I ask something more."

"I shall not think so," confessed Ethel.

"Then, just once, on this fair Summer night, let me hear you call me 'dear friend.' Say those two words to me, and I shall be content."

She repeated them and Sir Oscar Charlotte thought no utterance had ever been so sweet.

All night Ethel thought of the simple words; they seemed to rest in her heart, to give her greater peace than she had known for a long time, and she was grateful enough to kneel and thank heaven that she had at last found a gleam of light in her darkness—that she had found a friend.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ETHEL was always at her best with Sir Oscar. He had the power of bringing out all that was noblest in her. Her intellect, fancy, imagination, all seemed at the highest when she was talking to him. She never looked so beautiful or talked so well as with him. Her mind seemed to answer to his, her quick, light, vivid fancy to respond to every word of his. She began to look forward to seeing him as one of the pleasures of her existence. One of her earliest thoughts in the morning would be, "Shall I see him to-day? Where will it be? What will he say?" And she reached this stage so unconsciously that she would have been surprised if any one had said to her, "How very much and how often you think of Sir Oscar Charlotte!"

She thought, in her simplicity, that it was happiness at having found a friend—a real friend—that was making life so much more bright to her. The Duchess of Clanbrook gave a garden-party, at which Ethel was queen. Lady St. Norman smiled to see how she was beginning to take an interest in her toilet. She fancied that the dark cloud which had so long rested on the girl's life was lifted at last. Ethel chose a very beautiful dress and a most becoming bonnet. She went to the gathering, hoping she should see Sir Oscar there. It would be pleasant to while away the Summer hours by his side—her friend—that dear friend whose care for her made her so happy.

She went; there was a large crowd of fashionable people present, and the scene was one of great beauty and animation. The party was held on a large and exceedingly beautiful lawn, where great cedar-trees made pleasant shade, rare flowers gave out sweetest odors, and pretty fountains sent their rippling spray high in the sunlight air. It was a striking scene—one not easily forgotten.

The fairest face in that brilliant throng was that of Ethel Gordon. No sooner did she appear than she was surrounded by a court of admirers. She talked for a short time with more than her usual animation, hoping and expecting every moment that Sir Oscar would appear; but time passed on and he did not come. Then her high spirits failed her. She made her escape from her admirers, and wandered into one of the pretty ferneries. Here all was cool, green and pleasant. She lingered; the waters fell with a soft rippling sound, the ferns stirred lightly in the wind. She sat down to enjoy the pretty solitude.

All at once she saw Sir Oscar; he was walking through the fernery, and had suddenly caught a glimpse of her. His face brightened, the grave, luminous smile she liked so much came over it. He advanced eagerly to her.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, Miss St. Norman," he said; "I was just thinking of going away, fearing you were not here."

"The crowd is so great," she observed; "I have been on the lawn, but I did not see you."

He sat down by her side. If she had been wiser, she would have understood herself better; everything seemed to change when he appeared—the sunshine was brighter, a fairer green came on the grass, the flowers took rarer colors, the birds sang more sweetly, the whole aspect of heaven and earth seemed changed to her—and yet it never even ever so faintly dawned across her mind that this was love.

She was surprised to find that an hour had passed since he appeared—it seemed to her only a few minutes.

"I think," she said to him, with a smile, "that you have the faculty of making time fly; I had no idea that we had passed a whole hour in listening to the music of that cascade."

"I may make the same complaint," he responded; "hours in your society take unto themselves wings and fly."

She laughed, and rose from her seat, yet she did not like going away from the cool, fresh ferns.

"This seems to be the pleasantest part of the grounds," she said; "I admire ferns very much."

"So do I," he remarked; "but I have never admired them so much as to-day."

And then they walked back to the lawn together. Many admiring glances followed them; people whispered to each other that sooner or later that would be a match.

"I can understand now," said one lady to another, "why Miss St. Norman refused the Duke of Southmead."

"It was not for Sir Oscar's sake," was the rejoinder. "She had not even seen him when the Duke of Southmead left London."

The comments made did not reach her ears—and it was well for Sir Oscar that they did not. He saw that the pretty legend of friendship sufficed for her. She was unconscious of aught else. He loved her with a strong, deep, earnest love. He had never been charmed by the fair face of a woman before; he had that most rare gift to offer her—the first love of his heart. He knew that by her side, no matter what troubles came, life would be one long course of happiness—one long unbroken dream of delight. He knew also that, if she refused him, all that this world could offer would not atone to him for the loss.

His great love made him cautious. If he had had less at stake, he would have been rasher and more daring; he would have told her at once that he loved her, and have asked her to be his wife. Love made him prudent. He knew that some of the most eligible men in England had tried in vain to win her favor. He could not bear the thought of losing her, so he called caution to his aid. He would not startle her by speaking too soon of his love; he would give her plenty of time to grow accustomed to him.

He was not vain, but he did think she was beginning to like him. She seemed more at home, more at ease, with him than with any one else. He thought to himself that, if needful, he would wait long years in silence for her—she was so dear, so precious, so well worth winning.

He said nothing to her of love. Like a cautious general, he advanced by degrees. He was content for a time with having won her liking; he wanted to accustom her to his society, to teach her to rely upon him—and he succeeded. Slowly and gradually a new life opened to her, and she was quite unconscious of it. The old interest that she felt in poetry and art, her passionate love of nature, her animation, all seemed to return to her.

"I am so much happier," she would say to herself, "because I have found a friend."

She was like a child who sleeps serenely in the

midst of fair and fragrant flowers, never seeing the crested head of the snake that is about to sting. She was so utterly unconscious that this vague happiness, this delicious calm, came from the dawn of love that she would say to herself, "Now that I have found true friendship, I shall never need love. There will be no danger for me."

Her idea of love was something all tumult, all tempestuous despair. She did not imagine it to be this golden calm, this beautiful harmony which seemed to pervade heart and soul, this new light which, dawning on her life, made it inexpressibly sweet, this golden glamour which made earth and sky ten thousand times fairer. Looking at her face, she did not understand why day by day it grew fairer, sweeter, and younger—why her eyes grew bright as stars, and her lips learned once more to smile.

"I am learning to forget my trouble," she said; "I am beginning to live it down. Ah me, what fables poets sing! They tell us life is all barren without love. I do not find it so; love is a torment, friendship is all joy and no pain. While I can have that, 'love may linger, love may die.' I am indifferent."

She little dreamed how she was mistaking one for the other, nor how the love that she scorned and despised was silently, surely winning her, and making earth all bright for her.

Before the season was over she had been many eligible offers, but to Lord St. Norman's surprise she refused them all.

"I believe," he said to his wife, "that she likes Sir Oscar best of all, and that he is waiting to be sure before he risks asking the question."

In this opinion Lady St. Norman did not quite coincide.

(To be continued.)

BLACKFISHING OFF CAPE COD.

BLACKFISH hunting generally begins about the 1st of October, and closes late in November. The first haul of any consequence this season was made a fortnight ago, off the coast of Cape Cod, the fish amounting to 270 in number.

The labor called for in entrapping a "catch" of blackfish is always severe—a perfect spasm, in fact, of longer or shorter duration—in which all that a man of strong physique can exert is called into action.

When the alarm is given that a school of blackfish has been discovered in the bay, no matter where their locality may be, every boat that can be pressed into the service of chasing them—no matter what its character—is manned, and at once enlists in the pursuit. Arrived at the scene, the first effort is to surround the school, and this often calls for severe and protracted efforts in rowing. The driving of blackfish, or animals of that class, in water, corresponds almost exactly with driving swine on land. By close attention they can be made to go in the way desired, but they had generally rather go any other way. Being constantly on the surface of the water, as they must breathe, they dart and plunge and sheer, but once the drive is well in hand, they can be urged forward, more or less slowly, in the direction desired. If the weather is quiet, and the sea smooth, the task is easier; becoming harder as the elements are more adverse. The energies are concentrated upon driving the fish ashore at the nearest point possible; of course, when a good landing can be effected; but it often happens that nearly twenty-four hours are passed, and the school is driven half over the bay, and perhaps, after all, by some unfortunate combination of circumstances, escapes.

Patiently, persistently, without cessation of effort, the boats pursue the school, driving and coaxing and urging, until the neighborhood of the shore is reached. The circle narrows, the surf rolls up ahead, and the frightened, half-crazed blackfish plunge and dart, while the leaders of the school begin already to feel the dreaded bottom. Once reaching shallow water, they are lost, and this not regarding individual fishes, but the whole school. At the first opportunity a few men plunge overboard with drawn knives, and having drawn blood from a few fish, the water begins to color, the school is secure and success is certain. It is a singular peculiarity of this class of sea animals that they never leave a wounded comrade, and, if at all plenty of room, will pursue and tear him in pieces as soon as possible after blood has been drawn. The excited hunters do not, however, depend too much upon this instinct; but, plunging into the water, strike their knives into the fish, under the fin, and they quickly bleed to death. The carnage now becomes general, and soon the surf heaves up victim after victim, until the shore is strewn with them.

According to an old-established rule, any one and every one within sight of the locality where the killing occurred shared in the profits. This rule is somewhat modified now, as it justly should be, and only those directly engaged share. The catch, as it lays upon the shore, is generally appraised—all the men are shrewd appraisers—and some individual or firm purchases the entire catch, and waits for his or its profits until the blubber has been tried out and the oil secured. Meanwhile the hunters divide the spoils, and congratulate themselves upon having made a fair thing by honest, legitimate effort, which need never bring a blush to the cheek. They wait in expectancy the signal for another school, and are ready for their boats, be the weather fair or foul; blow high or blow low.

It is stated that the 270 fish yielded 500 barrels of oil, the first value of which was \$10,000.

THE RUINED SPECULATOR.

AN AL FRESCO VICTIM OF INFLATION.

THE Autumn brings as many pleasing pictures to the city, although of an entirely different type, as it does to the country. When the leaves that are dyed with the lifeblood of the dead Summer begin to float adown the sad November winds, our streets and squares take unto themselves an appearance which is attractive and yet repellent. They are like the chilling, coquettish beauty at the ball, with jewels in which burn the imprisoned fires of the Orient, and yet a manner so cold that love is crystallized into admiration. We hurry along, with our wraps about us, thinking of the glowing grate at home, and detecting in the musical cadences of the sighing wind the fascinating echoes of the opera—that Italian child of melody wrested from its Italian home to bloom in the gaslit atmosphere of our theatres. But there are those in the great city whose hopes wither before the cruel blast as the buds do, and chief among them is the *al fresco* merchant, that weary, plodding soldier in the vast army of industry whose speculations are all those of the curbstone, and whose principal stock in trade is the instantaneous attractiveness of his bauble wares. Such an one—a vender of toy-balloons, and a ludicrous and yet pathetic plight into which he has fallen—are the twin-subjects of a full-page engraving which

we give this week. The incident happened a few days ago in Union Square, just at the moment when the promenade was most crowded, and the lights began to blaze in the shop-windows, giving to the homeless and the hungry tantalizing glimpses of Paradise. The proprietor of the tiny air-vessels, which have suddenly risen, by an accident, in the atmosphere, if not in price, is the picture of ludicrous despair. He knows nothing of the dangers attending inflation, although a victim of it, and cares little for the indignant protest against a criminal increase of the currency, the veto of which has just swept across the land like a prairie-fire. He is simply aware that his entire capital is mounting to the stars, following the eccentric route of that gymnastic cow which, in bygone days, jumped over the moon for a sum not definitely mentioned in the accounts we have of the occurrence. The bootblacks pause in their sliiing career to laugh at him. The muffled and tippeted beauties halt with a pretty commiserating air to watch the skyward flight of the tinted globes. Even the prosaic stage-drivers, who are generally disposed to take a *sure* look at things, pull up for a moment to chaff the unfortunate speculator. That is the humorous side of the case; the pathetic is to be found in the misery of the old man who sadly goes to his home, the chords in his bosom vibrating mournfully as he thinks of the broken string that caused at once his own downfall and the sky-rocketty disappearance of his earthly possessions.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

NUMEROUS EXPERIMENTS have been conducted in India for the purpose of discovering a trustworthy cure for the bite of the cobra. According to the *Times* of India a remedy has at last been found, Dr. Shortt, of Madras, having recently successfully treated two cases with liquor potasse and brandy.

EXPERIMENTS in Germany on frozen potatoes prove that the freezing in no wise alters the chemical composition of the tubers. The change is simply physical, and if even frozen hard, they are still fit for spirit distillation, or they may be pressed to get rid of the water, and then ground into a very good meal adapted for feeding cattle.

A CURIOUS "SHOOTING FISH" is found in Java, where it is frequently made a pet, and kept by the natives. In the tank inhabited by the fish, a stick is placed upright, projecting a few inches above the water, and a fly, or insect of some kind, is placed on the top. The fish swims round the stick to examine the prey, and apparently measures the distance, rises to the surface, and suddenly discharges a few drops of water at the insect, rarely failing to bring down the game like a practiced sportsman. The shooting-fish is of a plain yellowish color, marked with dark stripes, and is about 10 inches in length. Aquarium managers should look to this.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES have been plentiful within the last two months, and the latest has been made at the Chatham Dockyard Extension Works, England. The remains of an old war-vessel and a large quantity of shot have been found forty feet below ground by some convicts excavating for the formation of the fitting-out basin. This vessel is supposed to have formed part of a Dutch expedition up the Medway during Charles II.'s reign, in 1667, to attack Upnor Castle and Chatham Dockyard. She was evidently sunk in one of the creeks of St. Mary's Island, since filled up. Aneut antiquities, a relic of London in Queen Anne's time, No. 102 Leadenhall Street, is doomed to destruction. It is said that several Mayoralities have been kept there, and it is urged that the valuable decorative portions of the house should be secured for one of the London Museums.

THE PREVALENCE of FEVERS at the present time gives a peculiar interest for a Siamese remedy for this disease, quoted by the *Revue Illustrée des Deux Mondes* as prescribed for a European resident by a Bangkok doctor: "Take small pieces of rhinoceros horn and elephants' tusks, the teeth of tigers, crocodiles, and bears, three portions of the bones of vultures, geese, and ravens, a fragment of stag and a bison's horn, and a minute piece of sandal wood; reduce the whole to powder, and mix it with cold water on a stone. Half the potion is to be swallowed by the patient, and the rest is to be rubbed over his body." Notwithstanding such prescriptions as this, the medical profession in Siam seems to be poorly paid. A written agreement is made with the doctor before he undertakes a case, and he cannot at any time claim more than four shillings for the cost of his medicines. The agreement signed, the doctor burns a candle at the shrine of the "Genius of Medicine," and begins to treat his case. If the patient gets better, the doctor continues his visits till the cure is complete; but if the sufferer grows worse and recovery is hopeless, the doctor resigns his charge and goes on his way unpaid.

M. FOSSEBARD's apparatus for producing steel direct from the iron ore, as described in *La Metallurgie*, consists principally of an arrangement for transforming the fuel in a series of large chambers, and of an apparatus in brick, called the recuperator of heat, which receives the flames from the furnace, and restores the caloric in the form of hot air. The compartments of the chamber serve successfully for the reduction of the ore, for the reactions which are effected, and, finally, for the fusion of the whole charge in such a manner that separation of the component parts is effected by the difference of density. These various phases of the operation require very different temperatures, and the production of these is the special object of the apparatus. On the side of the furnace-doors the temperature is only that of red heat, while beyond the heat is so great that the eye is unable to support the intensity of the glow—this extraordinary heat being estimated, in fact, at not less than 3,632 degrees, Fahrenheit. The result obtained by means of this process is considered to demonstrate the possibility of producing steel direct from the ore without any of the transformations necessary under existing systems.

THE RAPID EXTENSION of the cultivation of peanuts in North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and South Carolina, is due to the use now made of them for the oil they contain. According to official agricultural reports, previous to the year 1860 the whole crop aggregated only 150,000 bushels per annum, grown principally in North Carolina; last season's product reached 2,000,000 bushels, valued at \$3,000,000. In a commercial point of view the oil is of much more importance than the nuts themselves. The oil is in large demand, and answers for many purposes as a substitute for almond and olive oils; it keeps a long time without becoming rancid. The amount of oil contained in the nut varies according to latitude and other favorable conditions and circumstances, and is proportionately large. All the oil comes from the "meat," the husk being of no value. The oil is extracted by pressure, and the pressed cake is used both as food for cattle and as manure. Algiers also supplies the port of Marseilles with large quantities of these nuts, from which the oil is expressed, and probably destined to augment the supply of the olive oil, for which that city is so great a market. The production of peanut-oil in the United States dates back to the war, when it was used to a large extent for table purposes in the South, olive-oil being almost unobtainable; it was also used quite generally at that time as a substitute for lard. The cake residue was made serviceable also; after being roasted and ground, it was used in place of coffee and chocolate, making a tolerable, if not a desirable, beverage.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

KING ALFONSO is getting over an attack of bronchitis.

M. EMILE OLLIVIER will be a candidate for the French Assembly, in the Department of the Var, at the next election.

THE King of Belgium has purchased the last sketch of the famous series executed by Rubens, to serve as models for the tapestries of Count Olivares.

LEUTENANT GENERAL NAPIER, Lord of Magdala, the conqueror of Abyssinia, has been appointed Governor of the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, England.

THE Emperor of Austria decorated the Duc Decazes with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Stephen, for the courteous treatment of the Empress while in France.

THE municipal authorities of Milan have placed on the house in which Manzoni was born, and on that in which he lived and died, marble tablets with inscriptions recording the event.

MOTHER STEWART, the crusader of Springfield, Ill., has assumed the maternity of a number of young bloods of that place, and has warned the barkeepers not to sell to them. They object to her kind consideration.

MAINE has ten Ex-Governors living, and all residing in the State. Their names are Crosby A. Kent, A. P. Morrill, Hamlin, Williams, L. P. Morrill, Washburne, Coburn, Chamberlain and Perham. Four are over seventy years old.

PROFESSOR EDWIN HALL, who is considered the most able theologian in the Auburn (New York) Theological Seminary, has had a severe stroke of paralysis. He is nearly eighty years old, and his illness is regarded as very serious.

MR. JOHN CROSSLEY, M.P., and Mr. N. V. Squarey, two English capitalists noted for commercial shrewdness and energy, have taken charge of a scheme for organized annual excursions of English capitalists to this country to investigate American investments.

THE parents of William Prouditt, a student in the Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., who was killed recently, propose to perpetuate his memory by erecting an observatory to be called "The Prouditt Memorial Observatory," in connection with the institute. It will cost \$10,000.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return from his Italian visit the Emperor of Germany raised the rank of his representative at Rome from that of Minister to that of an Ambassador. This official being the only foreign representative of that rank at the Holy City, will be the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps.

MR. FROUDE, the historian, who is visiting the English African colonies in an official capacity, was received at Graham's Town with marks of great enthusiasm. A salute was fired, the military was ordered out as escort, little girls strewed his pathway with posies, and for a while he forgot the existence of a Father Tom Burke.

COUNT ANDRASSY, the Austrian Premier, is rapidly elaborating his scheme for the guarantee to be demanded, and the control to be exercised, to insure the performance of the Sultan's promise of reform to the Herzegovinian insurgents. His authority is the formal request of the Great Powers that Austria should intervene.

MR. ALFRED ALLOTT, auditor of the Great Midland Railway, and Mr. Titus Salt, son of Sir Titus Salt, the heavy woolen manufacturer, both of England, are making a thorough investigation of the resources of the country between Chattanooga and Emory Gap, Tenn., and have already purchased considerable property, upon which they propose to establish important manufacturing interests.

EX-MARSHAL BAZAINE is charged with having hesitated at nothing that would bring him money when in command of the French army of invasion in Mexico in 1864-5. He is alleged to have kept, in the name of others, two stores in the city of Mexico—one a grocer's and the other a drygoods shop—in which French stuffs were sold at high prices and at immense profits, as he found means to avoid paying freight or import duties. In this way he is said to have amassed a large fortune.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S John Brown is reported about to retire to private life with the £40,000 he has made in his duties. But John is sure to stay at his post till the end of the present royal chapter, when he is likely to receive not a month's notice to quit, but a month's wages in lieu of notice, so much is he disliked by the heir to the throne. It is, perhaps, not generally known that this energetic person is in the habit of commanding the equerries on military duty to "ride nearer, sir." Two of those officers who dared to treat the Queen's gillie with contempt received a wiggling, whereupon one of them, a young peer, offered his resignation.

Very funny stories are told in Ultramontane circles in England to prove that Mr. Gladstone has become insane. Meanwhile he thus puts his veto on a healthy crop of rumors about himself: "There is not a word of truth in the statements—1. That I have received a proposal from Turkey in respect to its finances. 2. That I have made any declaration on the subject of the political future, other than was announced to the world eighteen months ago. 3. That I have written about the Church of England in the new *Church Quarterly Review*, or elsewhere. I have written an article in that review respecting the Church and State question in Italy, which contains some (I think) interesting information on the subject of patronage and popular election of clergy."

ANTHONY MARTELLO, United States Consular Agent at Athens, Greece, wrote to a friend in New York State the following letter about the original of Lord Byron's "Maid of Athens" whose death has just been announced: "Dear Sir—I received your kind note of August 1st, by which you desire me to inform you about Mrs. Black (to whom the great Lord Byron addressed that beautiful little poem usually distinguished by the title 'Maid of Athens') whether or no she is alive. After having read your note, I asked information about her, asking for her house—because I knew she was alive. Indeed I found the house, which is in a quarter of the city of Athens not of the most central. I entered her apartment, and found an old lady of about seventy-five years of age, in good health, and dressed in the old Athenian costume, as she is a native of Athens. Together with her I found a young lady of about thirty—her daughter, not yet married. She is lovely, and of exquisite manners. I addressed myself to Mrs. Black, asking her about her health. She told me she was very well; that she had lost her husband some years ago; that she had lost two of her sons, and that she lives now with the only daughter, who sat by me. Mrs. Black told me that Lord Byron asked the hand of her mother; but her parents did not agree with the request, as her mother was then very young and had two sisters more aged than she was. After that refusal Lord Byron wrote the poem 'Maid of Athens.' I have been moreover informed by other persons that her late husband, Mr. Black—who was in the service of Her Britannic Majesty at Missolonghi (continental Greece)—asked the hand of the 'Maid of Athens,' after he had heard that she was the subject of a poem by Lord Byron. Mrs. Black is a tall old lady with features inspiring reverence, and showing that at a time past she was a beautiful woman. She asked me different times what was the object of the American gentleman who wished to know about her. As I did not know the why, I could not give her a satisfactory answer. After an hour's interview with Mrs. and Miss Black, I took leave and departed."



THE LATE J. B. CARPEAUX, THE EMINENT FRENCH SCULPTOR.

MR. WILLIAM J. FLORENCE AS "THE HON. BARDWELL SLOTE."

WE give, on this page, an admirable portrait of William J. Florence as *The Hon. Bardwell Slore*, in the successful American play, "The Mighty Dollar." While the engraving is a correct representation of the eminent comedian in the character of the eccentric politician, who nightly convulses with laughter the audience at the Park Theatre, but few who have for the past quarter of a century enjoyed the rollicking impersonations of Irish character by "Billy Florence," or have met Mr. W. J. Florence in the social circle, will recognize from the picture the features, the pose, or the general appearance of the favorite actor as they have known him on the stage and in the drawing-room. So artistically has Mr. Florence made up for this part, that it is a portrait of *The Hon. Bardwell Slore*, and no one else.

Mr. Florence was born in New York, in 1831, and appeared upon the metropolitan stage before he had attained his majority. He was early a favorite at Brougham's Theatre, and laid the foundation for his present popularity by a conscientious study of all the details of the dramatic profession. In 1853 he married Miss Malvina Pray, at that time a member of Wallack's celebrated company, and since then Mr. and Mrs. William J. Florence have achieved both reputation and substantial pecuniary rewards in two continents. Their latest triumph is in "The Mighty Dollar," a thoroughly representative American play, written by Mr. Woolf especially for these two artists. It was first produced at the Park Theatre on September 4th, and has been running successfully ever since, and seems destined to be an attractive feature on the American stage for years to come. It is a good portraiture of modern life, with an interesting story running through it, and gives opportunity for a great deal

of pure fun, and some fine character-acting. Mr. Florence as *The Hon. Bardwell Slore*, and Mrs. Florence as *Mrs. General Gifford*, are the chief attractions, and keep up the life and spirit of the play from first to last.

THE LATE J. B. CARPEAUX.

THE French school of art has suffered severe losses within less than a single year, by the death of Corot, Barye and Pils. Another distinguished name—that of Jean Baptiste Carpeaux—must now be added to the melancholy list. This eminent sculptor died at Combevoie on the 11th of October, after a lingering illness, the sufferings of which had been relieved by equally generous and delicate attentions on the part of his friend, the Prince Stirbey, the possessor of his last work, *L'Amour blessé*. Carpeaux was born at Valen-

ciennes on the 11th of May, 1827. He early became a pupil of his compatriot, Abel du Pujol, afterwards of Rude, and finally of David. He won the *grand prix de Rome* in 1854. From the year 1863 he figured at all the Expositions at the *Palais des Champs-Élysées*, ordinarily with busts, and some-

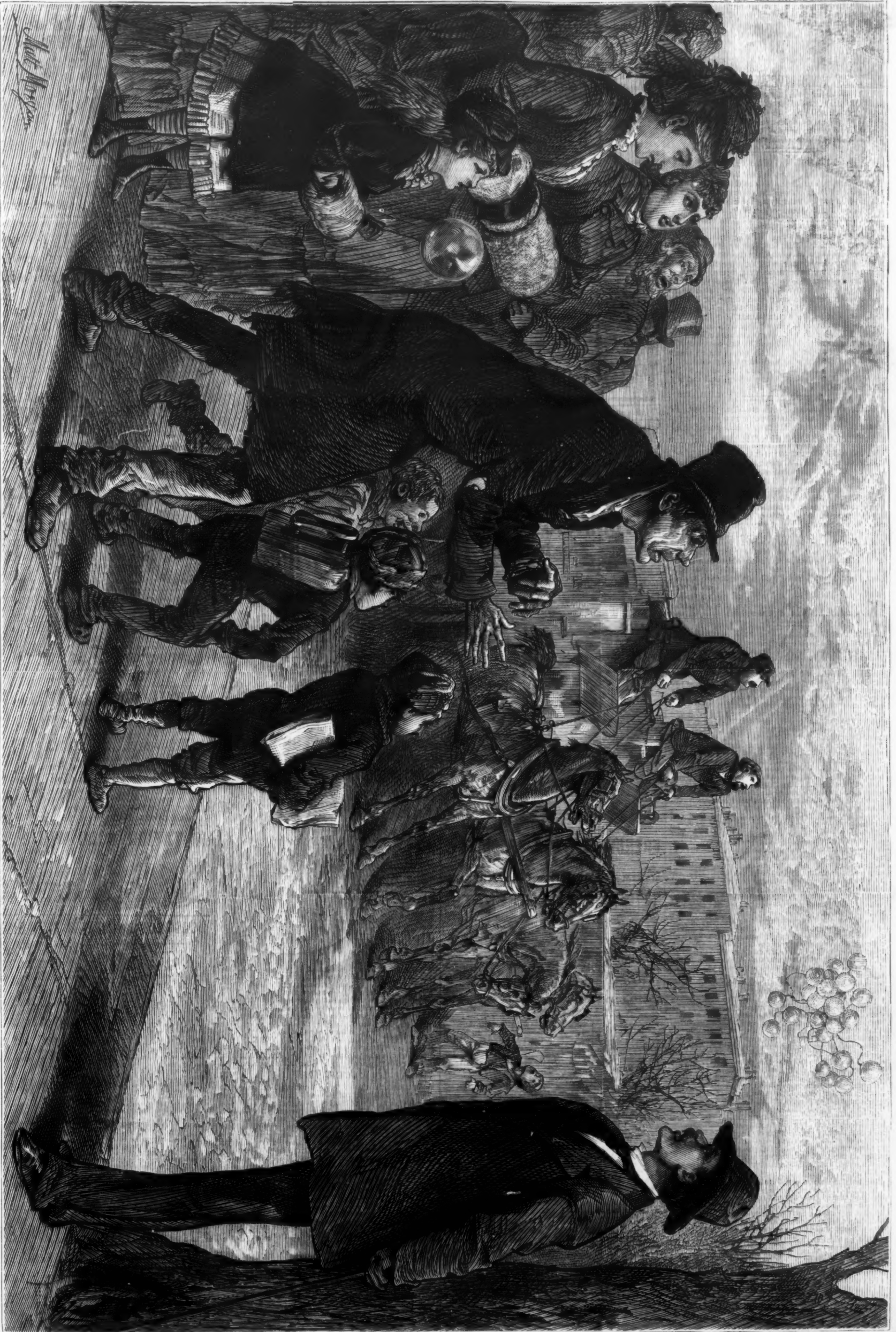


WILLIAM J. FLORENCE AS "THE HON. BARDWELL SLOTE," IN THE PLAY OF "THE MIGHTY DOLLAR," PERFORMED AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

times with statues. Among his busts, those of Garnier, the painter Gérôme, and Alexander Dumas fils, were, perhaps, the most notable. His *Pêcheur Napolitain*, *Mater Dolorosa*, *La Danse*, and his latest work, *L'Amour blessé*, would have each sufficed



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—HEADQUARTERS (NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION) OF THE NEW YORK STATE CENTENNIAL BOARD AT FAIRMOUNT PARK.—DESIGNED BY CROFT & CAMP, ARCHITECTS.—SEE PAGE 171.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE RUINED SPECULATOR—A SCENE ON UNION SQUARE—SEE PAGE 175.

to establish his fame. Nearly all his busts and statues have been reproduced in marble, terra cotta, or plaster, so numerous as to have popularized his name not only in France, but throughout Europe. Dying at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, he had already shown that, if his life were spared, he would become as much renowned for force of genius as for the grace and fertility exhibited by his earlier productions. He was an admirer of Michel Angelo and an indefatigable worker. Carpeaux was a great favorite with the late Napoleon III. and all his family, and was the first Professor of Design for the Prince Imperial. He was made an Officer of the Legion of Honor only a short time previous to his death. Throughout his life he was no less remarkable for the simplicity and earnestness of his religious feelings than for his artistic aspirations.

FEATS IN SWIMMING.

THE *Journal des Debats* gives the following stories from old chronicles relating to feats in swimming: Doctor Joel Langelet reports that in the middle of last century a gardener in the employment of the Queen of Sweden, at Tronningholm, having fallen into a basin through thick ice, remained sixteen hours in the water before he could be released, but was taken out alive, and recovered. In a work in the Library of Stockholm is an account of a woman of the province of Dalles who fell into deep water, where she remained three days, and, after being taken out, recovered, and lived to be seventy-five. Herodotus says that a certain Scyllus used easily to swim for two leagues under water, without being seen to rise for breath. In the thirteenth century, under Frederick I. of Sicily, there lived at Naples a man surnamed "The Fish," who used to live for four or five days in the sea catching fish for his food. The naturalist Alexander ab Alexandro says no fish could swim more rapidly in the depths of the sea than this man, whose name was Nicholas, and who was frequently employed to convey letters from one island to another; he would swim to vessels in the offing, and convey letters to shore from them.

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The Cameo.—Cameo is the name originally given to a variegated onyx, or other parti-colored stone, on which figures and landscapes appeared, but now more generally applied to a gem in different colored layers, carved in relief with figures contrasting with the color of the background. Varieties of chalcedony, jasper, onyx, sardonyx, and sometimes turquoise, are the most common gems used. The jasper was much used for cameos by the ancients, many specimens being extant having several layers, and the objects represented are cut deep or shallow, so as to bring the colors into contrast—for instance, in some specimens may be seen the head of a warrior in red jasper, the helmet green and the breast plate yellow. Several antique cameos and intaglios, cut in turquoise, are in the Vatican, some of which still retain their color. Occasionally a cameo is cut from coral, although not so frequently as was the case fifty years ago. The first cameo of which we have any record was the ring of Polykrates, carved by Theodoros of Samos about 550 B. C. Among the finest cameos are those in the Imperial cabinet at St. Petersburg—one of Perseus and Andromeda, on a pale brown sard, the figures of exquisite finish in high relief; the other, known as the Gonzago cameo, of Ptolemy II. and the first Arsinoe. The first of these belonged to the painter Menpes, and at his death was purchased by the Empress Catherine of Russia. The same Ptolemy and the second Arsinoe appear on a gem of inferior merit in the Vienna museum. Of cameos of the Roman time many fine specimens are to be found in the continental museums. The most celebrated cameo in England is the Cupid and Psyche in the Marlborough collection, by Tryphon, who is supposed to have lived in Macedonia under the immediate successors of Alexander. Among the ancient cameos the most noted is the Mantuan vase at Brunswick, representing on one side Ceres seeking her daughter, on the other the goddess teaching agriculture to Triptolemus. The popularity of the cameo is shown by the fact that a single jewelry house in New York had orders in one year for 5,000 cameos such as ring stones, worth from \$2 to \$50 each, and brooches from \$20 to \$250 each. We have seen a handsome collection of these stones at the store of E. J. Nash, 781 Broadway (up stairs), New York, opposite A. T. Stewart's, many of them at half what costs to import them. Fine works of art, cut in Rome, that will pay now as investments.

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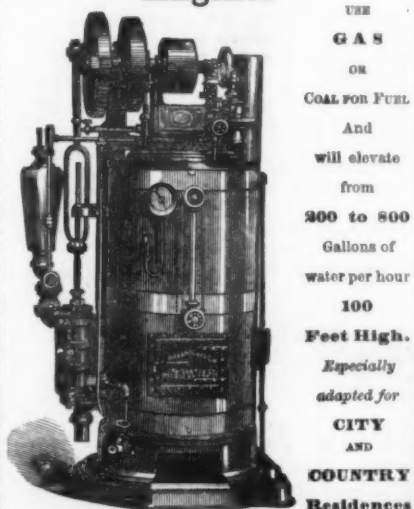
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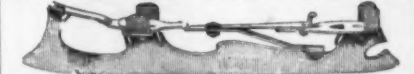
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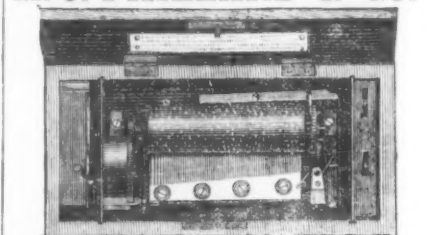
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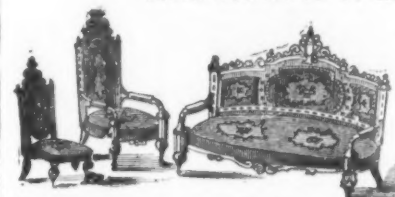
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